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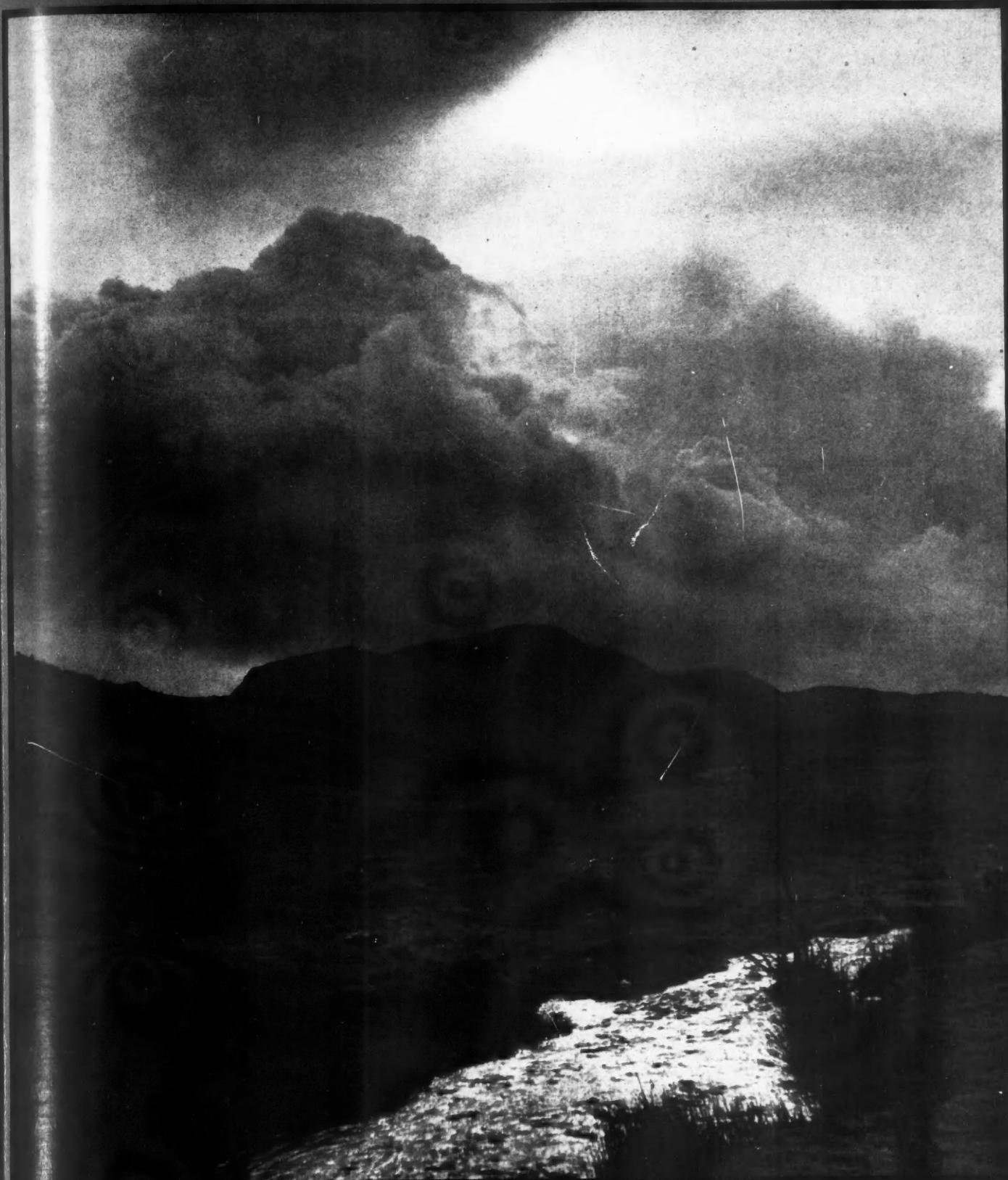
JUN 11 1946

# COUNTRY LIFE

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MAY 17, 1946

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**OTHER PROPERTY AND AUCTIONS**

ADVERTISING PAGE 882

# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIX No. 2574

MAY 17, 1946

## KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

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## WINKWORTH & CO.

48, CURZON STREET, MAYFAIR, LONDON, W.1.

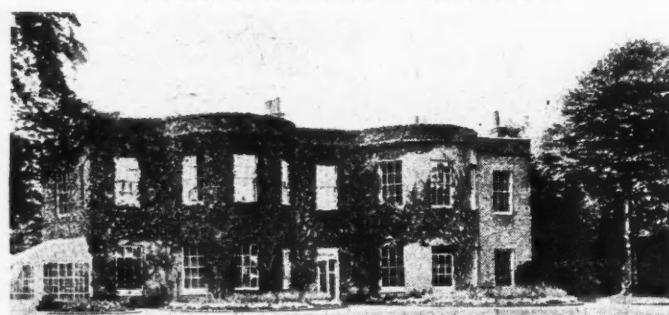
## 30 MINUTES FROM LONDON

by fast trains, yet in a rural area.  
Pleasant views.

### A CHARMING GEORGIAN RESIDENCE

of special architectural merit.  
10 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, hall, 3-4 reception rooms.

PRICE £20,000.



### EXECUTORS' SALE

### BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

1 mile Taplow Station

### A MODERN GABLED RESIDENCE

#### WITH EXTENSIVE VIEWS

8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, maids' sitting room. Co's electricity and gas. Modern drainage. STABLING, GARAGE.

#### ABOUT 2 ACRES IMMEDIATE POSSESSION PRICE £6,5000

Agents: WINKWORTH & CO., 48, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.1.

All main services. Central heating.  
Fitted basins.

Stabling. Garage. Cottage. Well timbered grounds, in all

### 20 ACRES

Early possession.

All inquiries to WINKWORTH & CO.  
48, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.

### WEST COUNTRY

On the edge of a charming Cotswold village. Oxford 18 miles.

### A STONE-BUILT MANOR HOUSE

Containing some 12 bed and dressing rooms, bath, hall and 3 reception rooms. Main water. Stabling. Garage. 3 cottages. Farm buildings, etc.

#### FOR SALE WITH 275 ACRES. PRICE £20,000.

Agents: WINKWORTH & CO., 48, Curzon Street, Mayfair, London, W.1.

# KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY

By direction of the Public Trustee and his Co-Executors, the Executors of the late Lord Ilkingworth.

## YORKSHIRE WEST RIDING RAMSGILL AND HEATHFIELD MOORS, UPPER NIDDERDALE

With Sporting Rights over 5,955 ACRES

forming ONE OF THE BEST KNOWN GROUSE MOORS in the NORTH OF ENGLAND

Covering more than 8 square miles without road, footpath or fence across them, 17 miles from Harrogate.

THE AVERAGE BAG during 55 years has been 1,166 brace p.a., though on occasions the bag has approached 3,000 brace.

The whole property will first be offered together as one unit, but if not so sold then in two lots as follows:

LOT 1.—RAMSGILL MOOR AND BENTS, SHEPHERD'S COTTAGE, and GAMEKEEPER'S HOUSE, KENNELS, GAME LARDER, etc. (Freehold). 2,627 Acres. SPORTING RIGHTS FOR GROUSE AND BLACK GAME over Moorland Allotments, 292 Acres.

LOT 2.—HEATHFIELD MOOR, KEEPER'S and SHEPHERD'S HOUSES, Kennels and Game Larder, Meadow and Pasture Land, and MERRYFIELD FARM (Freehold), 2,743 Acres. SPORTING RIGHTS FOR GROUSE AND BLACK GAME over Moorland Allotments, 437 Acres.

Sporting Rights are available for the coming season, and an outstanding feature is the COMPLETE CONTROL which a purchaser gains, owing to conditions laid down to give absolute protection during the breeding and shooting seasons.

To be offered for Sale by Auction at the North Eastern Station Hotel, Harrogate, on Friday, May 24, at 3 p.m.

Solicitors: Messrs. THEODORE GODDARD & CO., 5, New Court, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.2.

Land Agents: W. B. BOORD, Esq., F.S.I., F.L.A.S., Estates Office, Pateley Bridge, Harrogate.

Auctioneers: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1.; Messrs. HOLLIS & WEBB, 3, Park Place, Leeds, 1.

Particulars with Plans and Special Conditions of Sale, price 1/- each.

## QUARTER MILE RICHMOND PARK

1½ yards SHEEN COMMON. ¾ mile MORTLAKE STATION (Southern Rly.)

## RICHARD HOUSE, CHRIST CHURCH ROAD, S.W.14

A secluded Non-Basement residence of character mainly on two floors



Lounge hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 principal bedrooms, 3-4 staff bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, maids' sitting room, modern offices with wood block floors.

### Central Heating

Well matured and timbered gardens with lawns, flower beds, rose garden with paved walks. Numerous valuable trees.

Two garages (both centrally heated). Cottage Stabling.

About 1 ACRE, Freehold

For Sale by Auction in the Hanover Square Estate Room on 30th May, at 2.30 p.m.

Solicitors: Messrs. THOMAS EGGER & SON, 18, Dartmouth Street, S.W.1. Auctioneers: Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK & RUTLEY, 20, Hanover Square, W.1.

Mayfair 3771  
(10 lines)

## 20, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1

Telegrams:  
"Galleries, Wesso, London."

Reading 4441  
Regent 0293/3377

## NICHOLAS

(Established 1882)

1. STATION ROAD, READING; 4 ALBANY COURT YARD, PICCADILLY, W.1

Telegrams:  
"Nicholas, Reading"  
"Nichenyer, Picoy, London."

Freshly in the Market for Sale.

500 ft. above sea level, with panoramic views.

## NEAR NEWBURY

Approached by a drive with Entrance Lodge, which buses pass to Newbury (4 miles).

## A LUTYENS' STYLE COUNTRY HOUSE

3 reception rooms, excellent domestic offices with Aga cooker and staff sitting room. 12 bedrooms, 4 bathrooms.

## PARKLIKE MEADOWLAND, IN ALL 28 ACRES.

Main water. Main electric light and power. Central heating. Garage and outbuildings.

## FOR SALE FREEHOLD

Recommended by the Sole Agents: Messrs. NICHOLAS, 1, Station Road, Reading.



## F. L. MERCER & CO.

SACKVILLE HOUSE, 40, PICCADILLY, W.1

Regent 2481

### CIRCA 1685—SOMERSET

On outskirts of well-known small town accessible to Bath and Taunton.



TOTAL AREA 2½ ACRES

PRICE FREEHOLD £7,500

Sole Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Reg. 2481).

## A VERY FINE GEORGIAN HOUSE NEAR LUDLOW, SHROPSHIRE

Hunting, Shooting and Fishing.

Giving very fine views, this intriguing Period House approached by long drive contains 3 large reception rooms with period staircase, maids' sitting room, 8 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating. Garage for 4 cars and excellent stabling. Well-stocked kitchen garden, orchard and 3 paddocks. Two stone-built cottages at present let.



**TOTAL AREA  
12 ACRES**

PRICE FREEHOLD £8,750

Agents: F. L. MERCER & CO., Sackville House, 40, Piccadilly, W.1. (Reg. 2481).



5, MOUNT ST.,  
LONDON, W.1

## SEVEN MILES NORTH OF BANBURY

480 ft. up. Extensive views.



Charming gardens and paddock.

In all about 10 ACRES

FREEHOLD FOR SALE with vacant possession of the whole.

Personally inspected by the owner's Agents : CURTIS &amp; HENSON, as above.

EXCELLENT HUNTING  
CENTREOLD STONE-BUILT  
HOUSE

8 bedrooms, 2 attics, 3 bathrooms, half and 3 reception rooms. Main electric light and power. Ample water. Central heating. "Aga" cooker. Splendid hunter stabling and garage. 2 cottages. Useful outbuildings.

Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines)

Established 1875

## FAVOURITE PART OF BUCKS

Within easy daily reach. 1 mile from main line station 550 ft. up on a light subsoil.

Enjoying complete seclusion. Sheltered by belts of attractive woodland.

A WELL-BUILT  
RESIDENCE

10 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, lounge, 3 reception rooms, main electric light, power, gas, water and drainage. Lodge. Garages. Outbuildings. Charming well-timbered gardens and miniature park.



## FREEHOLD FOR SALE WITH 20 ACRES OR LESS

## Vacant Possession.

Sole Agents : CURTIS &amp; HENSON, 5, Mount Street, London, W.1.

Telephone : Grosvenor 3131 (3 lines).

Grosvenor 1553  
(4 lines)

## GEORGE TROLLOPE &amp; SONS

(ESTABLISHED 1778)

25, MOUNT ST., GROSVENOR SQ., W.1

Hobart Place, Eaton Sq.,  
West Halkin St.,  
Belgrave Sq.,  
and 68, Victoria St.,  
Westminster, S.W.1

## ADJOINING WINDSOR GREAT PARK

Situated in a unique position in a quiet lane adjoining Windsor Great Park.



Some rooms and workshop with large playroom over. Covered yard, vineyard and green-house. MAIN ELECTRICITY, GAS AND WATER. CESSPOOL DRAINAGE. CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT. To be Sold Freehold with 7 Acres of Land for £9,000. More Land and 5 Cottages available to purchase if required.

All further particulars of GEORGE TROLLOPE &amp; SONS, 25, Mount Street, W.1. (A.4796)

EAST SUFFOLK  
This PERFECT EXAMPLE of ELIZABETHAN ARCHITECTURE

Hall, lounge, dining and drawing rooms, library, justice room and billiards room, 8 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, good domestic offices with servants' hall and 4 bedrooms. MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT, MAIN WATER, MAIN DRAINAGE, CENTRAL HEATING, GARAGES, STABLING FOR FIVE, LODGE, CHAUFFEUR'S FLAT, USEFUL BUILDINGS. The beautiful Gardens and Grounds are a feature of the Property.



Lawns, water-garden, lily pond, Dutch garden, rose garden. LAKE and ROCK GARDEN. Excellent kitchen gardens with glasshouses. IN ALL ABOUT 14 ACRES FOR SALE, FREEHOLD, WITH POSSESSION. Inspected and recommended by the Sole Agents : GEORGE TROLLOPE & SONS, 25, Mount Street, London, W.1. (5779)

3, MOUNT ST.,  
LONDON, W.1

## RALPH PAY &amp; TAYLOR

Grosvenor  
1032-33

## SUSSEX—KENT BORDERS

Locally situated amidst gloriously wooded and unspoilt country 6½ miles south-east of Tunbridge Wells. Main line station 2½ miles. One hour London.

## ENCHANTING PERIOD HOUSE DATING BACK TO THE XIVth CENTURY

(ORIGINALLY EDWARD II HUNTING BOX)

carefully restored and modernised.



12 bedrooms (all with basins, h. and e.), 4 bathrooms, 4 reception rooms, magnificent music room (45 ft. x 25 ft.) with minstrels' gallery. Electric light, main water, central heating throughout. Garages. Oast houses. 3 cottages. Matured and established gardens a feature. Woodland and meadowland with running streams and ponds, in all

ABOUT 80 ACRES.

JUST IN MARKET. FREEHOLD. FOR SALE.

MODERATE PRICE.



Further particulars, apply Owner's Agents : RALPH PAY AND TAYLOR, 3, Mount Street, W.1.

44, ST. JAMES'S  
PLACE, S.W.1

## JAMES STYLES &amp; WHITLOCK

Regent 0911  
(2 lines)MERRIEWEATHERS FARM,  
MAYFIELD, SUSSEX

Three reception and 9 bedrooms, box rooms, 3 bathrooms. Central heating, electric light, company's water. Old oak beamed mill converted to studio, garages, etc. Farm buildings, 2 cottages, small streams, garden and parkland. About 55 ACRES. Valuable timber. Vacant possession of house, buildings and about 38 acres.

Joint Agents : R. E. NIGHTINGALE, Mayfield, and Messrs. JAMES STYLES AND WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1.

## SHROPSHIRE

7 miles Wellington, 11 Shrewsbury.



## BUILDWAS ABBEY, IRON BRIDGE

Lounge and 3 sitting rooms, 10 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, servants' hall. Main electricity and power. Central heating. Abundant water. Fishing Rights. Lodge and 2 cottages, stabling and garages. In all about

41 ACRES.

For Sale by Auction in Wolverhampton, July 10  
by JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1HALEBOURNE HOUSE, CHOBHAM,  
SURREY

## FOR SALE BY AUCTION 23 MAR.

Lounge hall and 3 sitting rooms, 7 principal bedrooms, and 3 servants' bedrooms, 3 bathrooms, servants' sitting room. Main electricity and power, central heating, company's water. Stabling and garage. Cottage, Barn and other outbuildings. Gardens and grounds, orchard and grassland. Total area, about 23 ACRES (or divided). Auctioneers : JAMES STYLES & WHITLOCK, 44, St. James's Place, S.W.1.

23, MOUNT ST.,  
GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1

### WEST SUSSEX



**SINGULARLY DELIGHTFUL OLD-WORLD HOUSE** in lovely position overlooking South Downs. 8 bedrooms, 3 baths, 4 reception. Electric light, central heating. Garage, 2 cottages. Charming gardens. **20 ACRES** grass and **50 ACRES** woodland.

**£12,000, WITH POSSESSION.**

Agents : WILSON & CO., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

Grosvenor  
1441

### WILSON & CO.

By direction of W. H. L. Ewart, Esq., C.B.E.

### BROADLEAS, DEVIZES, WILTSHIRE

Delightful situation 400 ft. up on Greensand. South aspect. Glorious views to the Downs.  
**FINE GEORGIAN HOUSE OF EXCEPTIONAL CHARACTER**

(WITH POSSESSION)

Set within lovely gardens with magnificient old trees and surrounded by grandly timbered park. 7 best bedrooms, dressing rooms and 4 servants' bedrooms, 5 baths, 4 or 5 reception. First-rate order. 4 cottages, home farm, with house, cottage and good buildings, 70 acres (let at £205 p.a.), Allotments.

Picturesque old mill and cottage with mill pond.

In all about 125 acres



For Sale Privately or by Auction in June in Three Lots.  
Sole Agents and Auctioneers : WILSON & CO., 23, Mount Street, W.1.

Grosvenor 2838  
(2 lines)

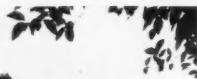
### TURNER, LORD & RANSOM

127, MOUNT ST., LONDON, W.1.

Telegrams:  
Turloran, Audley, London

### SURREY

THIS BEAUTIFUL HOUSE ADJACENT TO GOLF COURSE. MAGNIFICENT VIEWS. 500 FEET UP



Excellent order throughout.  
CENTRAL HEATING, MAIN WATER AND ELECTRICITY.

Hall, 3 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms (h. and c.), 4 modern bathrooms. Sunny domestic offices. Garage for 2. Lovely grounds.

Hard tennis court, pavilion. Kitchen garden, etc.

**2½ ACRES FREEHOLD £13,000**

The fine furniture might be purchased by arrangement.



### FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO.

(Established 1799)

AUCTIONEERS, CHARTERED SURVEYORS, LAND AGENTS.  
29, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Telegrams:  
"Farebrother, London."

### CAMBERLEY

About a mile from town and station. Southern aspect.

#### AN ATTRACTIVE HOUSE

5 PRINCIPAL BEDROOMS, 3 STAFF ROOMS, 3 BATHROOMS, 4 RECEPTION ROOMS.

MAIN SERVICES.

TWO BUNGALOWS.

GARAGE AND STABLING.



Well-timbered grounds with lawns, tennis court and extensive kitchen garden, in all about

**6 ACRES**

**FREEHOLD £9,500**

(subject to contract).

Further particulars from Agents : Messrs. FAREBROTHER, ELLIS & CO., 29, Fleet Street, E.C.4. Cen.: 9344.

TOTTENHAM COURT RD., W.1  
(Euston 7000)

### MAPLE & CO., LTD.

5, GRAFTON ST., MAYFAIR, W.1  
(Regent 4685)

#### WEST SUSSEX

In that beautiful country district near Pulborough-Petworth, 3 miles Billingshurst, and under 50 miles from London.

#### "BLOUNTS," WEST CHILTINGTON

Picturesque 15th-century cottage. Dining-lounge, drawing room, maids' sitting room, 5 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, electric light (own plant), Co.'s water.

Excellent garage and stabling for 5.

Charming garden and excellent paddocks, in all about

**18 ACRES.**

To be Sold by Auction on June 19 next. Offers to purchase privately are invited.

Auctioneers : MAPLE & CO., LTD., Tottenham Court Road, W.1, and 5, Grafton Street, Mayfair (Regent 4685).



Telegrams:  
"Wood, Agents, Weso,  
London."

# JOHN D. WOOD & CO.

23. BERKELEY SQUARE LONDON W.1

Mayfair 6341  
(10 lines)

By direction of K. J. Acton-Davis, Esq.

## PRIDEAUX, PAR, CORNWALL

At the head of the Luxulyan Valley, 3 miles from the sea at Carlyn Bay.



GEORGIAN RESIDENCE  
DATED 1720

fully modernised and ready to walk into. Hall, 3 lofty reception and 16 bedrooms, 5 bathrooms, first-rate offices, etc. Main electric light. Ample water. Modern drainage. Central heating throughout. Beautifully timbered and shrubbed gardens and flowering shrubs. Home Farm let of 170 acres. 140 ACRES WOODLAND. Small holding, 4 cottages, etc.

**FOR SALE WITH  
ABOUT 400 ACRES**

with Vacant Possession of the House, Grounds and Woods.

Further particulars of the Agents: JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23. Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (71510)

By direction of  
Ld. O'Connor.

## SWERFORD PARK, NEAR BANBURY

BEAUTIFULLY SITUATE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE IN PARK



approached by two carriage drives, one with lodge,  $\frac{3}{4}$  mile through thickly timbered undulating parklands. It contains hall, 3 reception and 12 bed and dressing rooms, 4 bathrooms, good offices, etc., ample water supply, electric light, central heating. Limestone soil. Stabling. Garage.

Lodge. 2 Cottages. Picturesque gardens and grounds with lake and stream running about 2 miles through the property with four waterfalls.

Grange Farm of 171 acres, with farmhouse and buildings; 46 acres woods and plantations. The whole property is FOR SALE and comprises ABOUT 217 ACRES with vacant possession of the house, grounds, woods, etc., **ABOUT 46 ACRES**. Further particulars from Messrs. MAXWELL & STILGORE, Land Agents, Banbury, or JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 21 Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (50551)

## FOR SALE WITH VACANT POSSESSION

3½ miles from London and 3 miles from main line station, electric trains every half hour.

ATTRACTIVE TWO-STORIED RESIDENCE

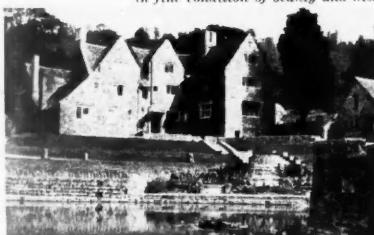


## FOR SALE WITH ABOUT 8½ ACRES. PRICE £7,500.

Further particulars of JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (22181)

## TUDOR HOUSE

in fine condition of beauty and historic interest. 38 ACRES



PRICE £16,000, POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1, and BRUTON, KNOWLES & CO., Albion Chambers, King Street, Glos. (73309)

## FOR SALE BY AUCTION WITH VACANT POSSESSION DUXFORD OR TEMPLE MILL, CAMBRIDGE



THE HISTORIC AND  
CHARMING OLD WATER  
MILL and MILL HOUSE  
adjoining, first mentioned  
in Doomsday (about 1080),  
with about 3½ ACRES  
good pasture.

WILL BE SOLD BY AUCTION BY MESSRS.

## J. CARTER JONAS & SONS

of 27-28, Market Hill, Cambridge (Telephone: Cambridge 3428-9)  
on WEDNESDAY, MAY 29, 1946, at the LION HOTEL, CAMBRIDGE, at 3.30 p.m.  
Particulars from the Auctioneers, as above.

By direction of the Executor.

## SUSSEX-SURREY BORDERS

WITH VACANT POSSESSION.

Between Crawley and Horsham, THE COURT HOUSE ESTATE, RUSPER

choice Freehold Residential and Agricultural Property.

### of about 152 ACRES.

mellowed red brick and stone roofed House, containing: 4 sitting rooms, 11 bedrooms, 3 bathrooms. Main electricity. Part central heating. Exceptionally lovely grounds intersected by stream which feeds a small lake, together with MODEL HOME DAIRY FARM,

3 modern cottages and lodge entrance.

FOR SALE BY AUCTION (unless previously sold privately), May 24. Illustrated particulars, price 2/- each, from WM. WOOD, SON & GARDNER, Crawley (Tel.: Crawley 2) and JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, London, W.1. (Tel.: Mayfair 6341).

For Sale with  
Vacant Possession.

## ST. GEORGE'S HILL

Superb position with magnificent views. 2 miles main line station, Waterloo in 30 minutes.

### BEAUTIFULLY

APPOINTED RESIDENCE, in first-rate order, approached by carriage drive with lodge. Oak panelled hall and staircase. 3 large reception rooms (one pine panelled), playroom, compact modern offices, 12 bed and 6 bathrooms, etc. All Company's mains. Light sandstone. Lodge and gardener's cottage. Heated garage, etc. Terraced gardens and woodlands with private gate to St. George's Golf Course.

## FOR SALE WITH ABOUT 11 ACRES.

Further particulars of the Agents: Messrs. JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (21979)

For Sale by Auction  
unless Sold Privately.

facing south with uninterrupted views across the Island to the south and the Solent. Adjoining the Osborne Estate.

Yachting, hunting, shooting and golf. Secluded and free from building development. An attractive MODERN HOUSE beautifully equipped and appointed, approached by carriage drive with 2 lodges and standing in about 140 ACRES including model Home farm of 90 acres, 9 bedrooms including servants' 3 bathrooms, billiards and 3 reception rooms, labour-saving offices. Main electricity, gas and water. Radiators throughout. Heated garage with 4 living rooms over. Stabling. 3 cottages. London in 2½ hrs. from Ryde—3 car ferry services. For Sale as a whole or divided. Photographs, plan and particulars from Messrs. JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (61408)

For Sale at a reasonable price.

## FAVOURITE PART OF ESSEX

between Chelmsford and Billericay. Station: 3½ miles. Chelmsford 6½ miles on bus route.

To Sale with about

### 120 ACRES

or less.

### BEAUTIFULLY

APPOINTED HOUSE overlooking nicely timbered parkland. 13 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, lounge, billiards and 4 reception rooms. Central heating. Main electricity and water. Septic tank drainage. Stabling and garages. Gardener's house, 7 cottages. Beautiful grounds, lily pond, and walled kitchen garden.

Inspected and recommended by JOHN D. WOOD & CO., 23, Berkeley Square, W.1. (83496)



## WM. WOOD, SON & GARDNER

Chartered Surveyors and Land Agents.

### CRAWLEY, SUSSEX

beg to announce that they have been instructed to offer the following PROPERTY FOR SALE, WITH VACANT POSSESSION, BY AUCTION (unless previously sold privately) on WEDNESDAY, MAY 22, 1946, at THE GEORGE HOTEL, CRAWLEY, SUSSEX, at 3 p.m.

By direction of the Executors of Dr. A. F. Page (deceased).

## THE ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE BUILT IN QUEEN ANNE PERIOD STYLE

with wooden casement shutters and attractive gables, and known as

### "THE RED HOUSE," HANDCROSS, SUSSEX

Occupying a magnificent position 500 ft. above sea level and overlooking the Weald with the South Downs in the distance.

The accommodation comprises 5 bedrooms, 2 dressing rooms, 3 reception rooms, bathroom, garage for 2 cars.

MAIN ELECTRIC LIGHT, WATER AND GAS, MODERN DRAINAGE AND A BEAUTIFUL GARDEN OF ABOUT 3½ ACRES, including tennis lawn, orchard, fine old trees, clipped hedges, sunken rockery, natural lily pond, delightful lawns and attractive woodland walks.

Appointments to View and Particulars and Conditions of Sale obtained from the Auctioneers: Messrs. WM. WOOD, SON & GARDNER, Crawley, Sussex (Tel.: Crawley 2). Solicitors: Messrs. WHITNEY, HUGHES & LUSCOMBE, East Grinstead, Sussex.

Regent  
4304

## OSBORN & MERCER

MEMBERS OF THE CHARTERED SURVEYORS' AND AUCTIONEERS' INSTITUTES

28b, ALBEMARLE ST.  
PICCADILLY, W.1

### BERKS, NEAR READING

*Occupying a remarkable position on gravel soil and commanding wonderful views over a wide expanse of beautiful country.*

**A MOST ATTRACTIVE BRICK-BUILT HOUSE**  
standing in heavily timbered gardens and grounds.



Lounge hall, 4 reception, 13 bedrooms, and 4 bathrooms.

**Electric light. Central heating. 4 Cottages.**

**Fine block of stabling.**

Tastefully disposed pleasure gardens. **Hard Tennis Court**, tennis and croquet lawns. Rose garden, shrubberies. Partly walled kitchen garden, orchard, etc., pasture and woodland. In all

**ABOUT 24 ACRES**

**For sale Freehold. Vacant possession.**

Inspected and recommended by Sole Agents: OSBORN AND MERCER, as above. (17,365.)

### FAVOURITE PART OF ESSEX

*About 40 minutes from Town.*

**A DELIGHTFUL BRICK-BUILT MODERN HOUSE**  
occupying a pleasant position in particularly attractive gardens. 3 reception rooms. 8-10 bedrooms, bathrooms.

Main electricity and water. Large garage.

The gardens, whilst quite inexpensive to maintain, are a delightful feature, and together with enclosures of grassland, the whole extends to

**ABOUT 15 ACRES**

**For Sale Freehold**

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (17,643)

### UNDER 30 MILES N.W. OF LONDON

*In a fine position 500 feet above sea level with splendid views.*

**An Ideal Property for a School, Institution, Country Club, etc.**

Large entrance hall, 4 reception, 20 bedrooms (most having fitted basins, h. & c.), 5 bathrooms, splendid domestic offices with servants' hall. MAIN ELECTRICITY AND WATER. CENTRAL HEATING THROUGHOUT. TWO COTTAGES. STABLING. GARAGE. ALSO SMALL BRICK-BUILT HOUSE, at present let at a nominal rent. Beautifully timbered grounds, hard tennis court, walled kitchen garden, etc., in all about

**30 ACRES. FOR SALE FREEHOLD.**

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above.

### NORFOLK COAST

*In a delightful position between Cromer and Great Yarmouth, with direct access to beach.*



**AN ATTRACTIVE MODERN HOUSE**  
built by an Architect and having well-planned accommodation on two floors only

Hall, 3 reception rooms, 5 bedrooms, bathroom. ELECTRIC LIGHT. GARAGE FOR 2 CARS.

**Timber-built Chalet of 3 rooms.**

Well laid-out gardens with tennis court, croquet lawn, flower beds and borders, kitchen garden, etc., in all

**ABOUT 2 ACRES**

**ONLY £3,250. VACANT POSSESSION.**

Agents: OSBORN & MERCER, as above. (M.2436)

184, BROMPTON ROAD,  
LONDON, S.W.3

## BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY

Kensington  
0152-3

### SUSSEX—GENTLEMAN'S HIGHLY ATTRACTIVE ESTATE

About 50 miles south of London and within easy reach of favourite coast resort.

Residential and Agricultural Estate, **NEARLY 300 ACRES**, mostly grass and having old-world residence of great character with wonderful oak interior and in perfect condition. 3 large rec., 5 bed., bath, main electric light, central heating, etc. Exceptionally fine buildings such as are rarely seen, and 4 cottages. A first-class Estate to appeal to those requiring something out of the ordinary and prepared to pay a substantial price for possession. BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.3. (Kens. 0152.)

### IN LOVELY SMALL PARK NORFOLK

80 miles London adjoining quaint old town. Dignified and somewhat historical Residence of great character, approached by short avenue. 4 rec., 8 or 10 bed., 3 bathrooms. Main electricity and water. Central heating. Fine old garden and beautifully timbered park.

**16 ACRES**

**FREEHOLD ONLY £7,500**

or might be sold with gardens only, about 3 acres.

Immediate possession.

BENTALL, HORSLEY & BALDRY, 184, Brompton Road, S.W.3. (Tel.: Kens. 0152)

### SO VERY PICTURESQUE

It was the subject of a Cover Photograph in "Country Life."

**THIS OLD-WORLD COTTAGE**, in a pretty village near Bury St. Edmund's. Full of oak beams and floors, open fireplaces etc. Has 2 reception rooms, 3 bedrooms, bathroom. Main electricity. Garage.

**NICE LITTLE GARDEN.**

**IMMEDIATE POSSESSION.**

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*On high ground amidst healthy surroundings.*  
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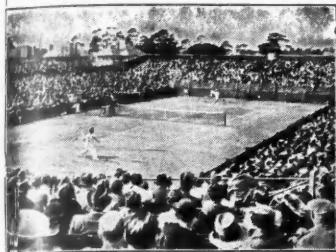
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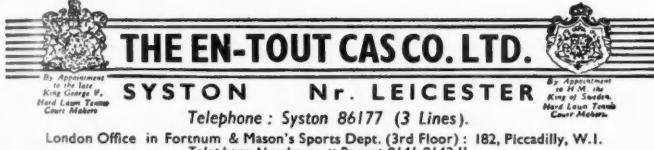
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WILLIAM HAZLITT (1778-1830).

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# COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XCIX No. 2574

MAY 17, 1946



Bassano

## THE HONOURABLE MRS. JOHN WILLIAMSON

The Hon. Mrs. John Williamson is the elder daughter of Major J. Maclean Grant, of 9, Hertford Street, W.1, and of the late Mrs. Horace Webber. Her marriage to the Hon. J. A. H. Williamson, the Black Watch, elder son of Lord and Lady Forres, took place last year.

# COUNTRY LIFE

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## AGRICULTURAL POTENTIAL

He would be a bold man who deliberately advocated at present the limitation of this country's agricultural production. On the other hand many factors arising out of the struggle for land use are daily threatening it. The best of our large-scale planning projects—Green Belts and National Parks—will help to keep present agricultural land in farm use. But it cannot be denied that the establishment of New Towns—inevitable as it is if farming is not to vanish altogether—will make spectacular inroads on local production. And the demand for drastic powers, in the Civil Aviation Bill, to acquire land and to control its use shows where another danger threatens. It is good, then, to find men with the courage to say and believe that, in spite of unavoidable inroads, agricultural production can not only be increased but be made to play a serious part in restoring this country's shattered finances.

Two declarations of such a faith have recently been made to the Farmers' Club; the first by Mr. A. P. McDougall—who estimated that by ley-farming based on high quality grasses, combined with live stock improvement, an addition of £57,000,000 a year could be made to the wealth of the country—and the second by Mr. W. J. Cumber, who roundly declared that, in spite of all the efforts of farmers and War Executive Committees to bring derelict and waste land into production, there are still vast tracts which are not producing a fraction of what they could, and that if we increased production by forty to fifty per cent. during the war, we could repeat the process to-day. If this be so, we must be more jealous than ever of all the land which is capable of the agricultural production so vital to our existence and our financial recovery. During the debate on the Civil Aviation Bill Mr. Anthony Hurd pointed out the contingent dangers to food production introduced not only by the acquisition of land for airports but by a drastic control of neighbouring land which may well involve the demolition of farm buildings and the complete reorganisation of many farms.

This is not to suggest, of course, that land should not be found for essential airports, though the Minister might well consider, as Mr. Hurd suggested, whether he is making the fullest possible use of those war-time airfields which have already taken such a toll of good agricultural land. Nor is it to say that the construction and development of the communities which Mr. Silkin's New Towns Bill will make possible should be hindered at every turn by too meticulous a consideration of whether a field required for building factories or houses is capable of producing corn or potatoes. Nothing eats up agricultural land so fast as the

sporadic sprawl and ribbon development to which Green Belts and New Towns are the only practical alternative. The inhabitants of Stevenage and other towns or villages which have been, or may be, chosen as the nucleus of a New Town may soothe their ruffled feelings with the thought that as a community they are getting something far better than the ignoble chaos to which they were otherwise doomed. Yet all of us are given to sentiment in such matters, and many nostalgic citizens, as at Stevenage, may form other views, in spite of adequate compensation for disturbance. Such individual farmers as are affected, however, must at least see that the alternative to planned land use is the decay of agriculture.

## ROAD AND RAIL

RECENT sunny weeks have recalled to mind the urgency of bringing the national road plan up to date, while seven years of enforced train travel make the London Railway Plan like a wonderful dream. Neither scheme offers immediate relief of present frustrations, and it is notable that the London Ring Roads, integral to the L.C.C., Royal Academy, and Bressey schemes for speedier circulation in the Capital, are not only unmentioned by the Minister of Transport, but seem to be ignored in recent London borough plans, such as that for Lambeth. The national roads follow the expected lines, with the realisation of the Severn, Tyne and lower Thames crossings wisely given first priority. It is a big but sound decision to strike out new lines for those arterial routes too confined and betwoven for piecemeal widening, but assurance is still needed that the new roads will

Among the designs rejected presumably for their plans, was one with a hall the roof of which is slung from gigantic concrete bows; another with a pyramid of steel and glass; in a third the stadium is of Piranesian nobility. Are all London's rebuilding opportunities to be scaled down to utilitarian mediocrity? Probably, but there is plenty of time here for the winning plan to incorporate some of the imagination of the losers in the conception of its elevations.

## THE OUTLOOK FOR LIVE STOCK

THE dark loaf may give some people indication. It will cause more acute distress to many small farmers who depend on pigs and poultry for their livelihood. Putting 90 per cent. of the wheat grain into the loaf leaves precious little for live stock. Official rationing of feeding-stuffs for pigs and poultry are to be cut to one-twelfth of the pre-war amounts. This must force some producers out of business altogether and make matters extremely difficult for many others who were hoping to re-establish pigs and poultry on a commercial scale this year. Increased feeding-stuffs were promised, but now these hopes have faded and the immediate outlook is darker than at any time during the war. It may be that some windfalls will come our way as soon as the new harvest is gathered, but whether the Minister of Agriculture or the Minister of Food is master of the situation, certainly all the pig meat and eggs that can be produced will be wanted, and those who can carry on through this summer will be serving the best interests of the community as well as of themselves.

## HEDGES IN LONDON

HEDGES instead of railings round London parks are well worth the experiment now being made in the Mall with yews. Plants in towns have to contend with soot, petrol and acid fumes, and the dry baking of the dog days, besides the vagaries of the public. But too much has been apt to be made of these bogeys, as can be seen in the London gardens that are properly cared for. The national supply of yew will scarcely meet the demand that must arise if the experiment answers, but there is no pleasanter or more effective hedge than the traditional quickset, and, though they are slower, beech or hornbeam, delightful throughout the year. Besides holly there are the barberries, B. Darwinii and B. stenophylla, so widely used in Canada. A very repaying type is the "tapestry hedge," consisting of evergreen and deciduous hedging plants, so called from its colouring in winter like a verdure tapestry. Horticultural imagination is called for. Better the much maligned railings, the Georgian patterns of which were often beautiful in themselves, than recourse to the commonplace privet or the often short-lived cypressus. Another factor to be considered is that hedges planted small thrive better and grow quicker than if required to look effective at once.

## A PRACTICAL QUIZ

A TASTE for general knowledge, if not promptly checked, has been said to sap the manhood, and Stevenson illustrated his truth in *The Wrong Box* by the pathetic figure of Uncle Joseph. It is to be hoped that it is not wholly a truth, for if it is we must be in a bad way. The taste for questions and answers on all sorts of topics is ravaging the country. The original and ever-popular British Trust of the B.B.C. has begotten other minor ones, and the "Quiz" is rapidly becoming a recognised feature of the newspaper. A combination of these two institutions has lately been announced from Colchester, where a "ratepayers' quiz" is to be set up, in order to tell those who pay the pence what tune is being called. On the platform will be the senior officials of the Council ready to be shot at by the ratepayers with all manner of questions on the management of local affairs. The notion seems a good one. It is clearly important that as many people as possible should take an intelligent interest in their own local affairs and not merely indulge in uninformed and destructive criticism.

be fitted to the landscape and not be of the unsightly and dangerous *autobahn* type. For the recasting of London's primitive railway system £230,000,000 spent over a generation and probably more is envisaged. To embark on it will be a remarkable demonstration of sustained faith in not only humanity but the country's ability to foot the bill and find the labour.

## CRYSTAL GAZING

THIS week has been rich in visions. The Royal Academy is not itself visionary in that sense, but contains many enjoyable pictures, and does not deserve the chorus of superficial abuse accorded the exhibition. Critics will persist in expecting *ideas* at the Academy, whereas it represents the national tradition of accomplishment. Ideas, until realised with accomplishment, are the material for independent exhibitions. In the Architecture Room alone are ideas (if worked out with accomplishment) welcomed, and this year it contains the first crop for replanning such diverse organisms as Bournemouth and Lambeth, with all kinds of intermediate problems. But for really startling visions one had to see those for the new Crystal Palace, shown for a few days at County Hall. The original Crystal Palace was a revolutionary idea, a century ahead of the taste of its time. Alas that the present assessors had not the courage of the Victorian aristocrats! The design chosen, it is an open secret as a last minute compromise, has an excellent plan, but in every other respect is flat. Stylistically it is an infinite extension of a suburban cinema, making no architectural capital out of the superb site, which invites imaginative fantasy.



E. W. Tattersall

ON THE SLOPES OF THE PENNINES, BELOW CROSS FELL

## A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES

By

**Major C. S. JARVIS**

**I**N some recent Notes I lamented that the War Office should have seen fit to take over for a tank gunnery range the most beautiful stretch of country in south-west England, and, besides evicting the farmers and residents from their holdings, exclude also the ordinary public from a length of coast line which has no equal within 150 miles of London. It is, of course, very rash to state that any special part of the British Isles is the *most* beautiful, and as the result of this assertion of mine I received a number of letters of reproof from natives of other counties in the south-west urging the claims of their own particular areas, though sympathising with me over the extinction of mine. My choice, which unfortunately is also that of the Royal Tank Regiment, is coastline country as, for me, a stretch of glorious scenery is not quite complete unless the sea figures in the picture somewhere, either as a background in the distance, or as a more prominent feature in the foreground with towering cliffs and the chessboard of farm land lying beyond. In the Worbarrow, Tyneham and Kimmeridge area "the hills look over on the south, and southward dreams the sea," and the sixteen miles stretch is certainly unique in one respect, as there is not one modern building, not a hint of Victorian blue slating and pseudo-Scottish turreting, or synthetic-tiled bungalows, on the whole length of coast. The farm lands, which extend north from the cliff edge to Thomas Hardy's Egdon Heath, otherwise those of Hyde, Bovington and Moreton, are on a generous scale with the rolling downs chequered with large fields, which, to my mind, are preferable from a scenery point of view, as well as that of economic farming, to the pocket-handkerchief sized pastures, and root and corn crofts, which feature in the counties farther to the west.

On the high land of the Purbeck Hills immediately above the tiny village of Kimmeridge, where a secondary road runs along the crest of a 650-foot height, one is able on a clear

day to look across the greater part of Dorset to the southern heights of Salisbury Plain beyond. A remarkable vista this of moor and agricultural land, bisected with very green valleys through which the chalk streams flow, that, I think, has no equal in the south of England. The whole of this area is at present barred to the public, and all one has of it now is a memory. There were hopes at one time that the present Government might rescind the edict concerning the Kimmeridge district made by their predecessors, but in the light of the fate of Lord Fitzwilliam's park one realises that beautiful scenery and the amenities of the people are the last arguments which appeal to them.

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**S**INCE writing my peans of praise of the Dorset coast I have had the opportunity to travel slowly through the Wey and Nadder valleys west of Salisbury and, without recanting my choice, feel that there is much truth in the remark of one of my dissenting correspondents, who says that he does not fall into line with Kipling's view that God "ordains for each one spot shall prove beloved over all." I travelled slowly through these valleys, as the object of the expedition was to view the work of the Catchment Board on the rivers Wey and Nadder, and study the effect of lower water levels on these two typical Salisbury Plain streams.

I "contacted" the members of the interested parties in Salisbury (when dealing with the official class who now control us body and soul it is courteous, or tactful, to employ their phraseology) and journeyed down the Wey as far as Heytesbury on the north bank, returned by the south bank to Wey village, and then crossed over the high downs above Teffont Magna to the

Nadder valley beyond. Along both rivers the stretches which have been "catchmented" (when one starts imitating officials and using nouns as verbs, it is difficult to break oneself of the habit) are not immediately obvious, for the soil and gravel removed from the rivers' beds has been spread over the adjoining fields, and, as Nature has responded nobly in a very short time, there is little to offend the eyes of the scenery lover. This opinion, however, did not coincide with that of the riparian owners who fish!

We covered a matter of thirty miles in the course of the day's wanderings, and it struck me that it would be difficult to find anywhere in England so many small compact villages and hamlets where every house and cottage fits into the general scheme, and which modern progress has failed to spoil. The tide of war has lapped this area on either side, and penetrated it in parts, but thanks to the need for camouflage these small military infiltrations are so well hidden that one can pass them by without noticing them. A feature of the many tiny villages is the presence in almost every one of a church of the twelfth to fifteenth centuries, perfect in every detail, and a small Queen Anne or Tudor manor house which is in, what one might term, the Christopher Hussey class; while the view from the very high down over above Teffont Magna across the whole of Salisbury Plain is *proxime accessit* at least to that which one obtains from the Purbeck heights farther to the south.

\* \* \*

**A**LTHOUGH I do not think that any gardening book lays down the law, it has been accepted in the south-west of England for a generation or more that Good Friday is the day on which the main crop of potatoes should be planted. I recall that many years ago the vicar of our parish in Dorset used to thunder in the pulpit against the irreligious practice, and I had hoped that his words had borne fruit and spread

throughout the land. I saw, however, on this Good Friday as I passed through Salisbury that, on a big allotment in the shadow of the spire of the cathedral, there was a man hard at work on every plot on the cultivated area, and every one was planting his seed potatoes!

\* \* \*

**T**HREE is perhaps no Nature topic quite so hackneyed as that recounting the queer nesting sites of the robin, but, despite this, I think the following account of the courage and dogged determination of a hen bird is worthy of record even though the setting is possibly somewhat sordid. She had chosen as the site for her nest the angle between the overflow pipe and the cistern of the outside lavatory, making her way to it through an open window, and, as the word lavatory is derived from the Latin *lavare* = to wash, I may add that the small room is mis-named, as it does not possess a wash-basin. The evening before the chicks were due to hatch the supply pipe to the cistern burst, and for fourteen long wet hours the unfortunate bird remained on her nest in a constant spray of water until the damage was discovered in the morning, and the main tap turned off. The nest was absolutely sodden, but in some remarkable fashion the stout little bird had managed to protect the eggs beneath her, and keep them warm and dry.

Since then there have been three noisy

hammering visits by plumbers: on the first occasion the head man had left a special spanner behind, on the second his assistant had forgotten the necessary length of new pipe to replace the damaged one, but on the third attempt all went well, as nothing was forgotten, and the job was finished. One of the few delightful relics of that lost world, which passed away for all time in 1939, is the English plumber, for he changes not, and "as things have been they remain." Even a forgetful plumber does not forget to respect a nursing mother when she is a robin, and nothing occurred to damage the nest, though it seemed from the noise that much of the main structure of the house was in process of demolition.

At the time of writing all is well; mother and children, who are now half fledged, are thriving, and the only thing that worries me is how the brood is to be led out into the great world beyond through a half-open ventilator window at ceiling height. I expect, however, that my fears are groundless, as a bird who has survived all the horrors of inundation and constant invasion of her privacy will overcome a little difficulty like teaching her children to take off standing from the nest and attain an altitude of two feet to reach the window. All this, I think, is proof of the robin's firm conviction that the human being, though a clumsy, hopeless fellow, is well-meaning and quite harmless, and that it is better to put up with noise, interference

and gross inconvenience in one of his unsightly structures than run the risk of mass infanticide from rats and jays in the garden beyond.

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**A**CORRESPONDENT from North Wales who owns about a mile of a small mountain stream that is about nine feet wide with an average depth of one foot is contemplating improving it by a series of small dams, one of which will have the effect of creating a pond or broad water, about an acre in extent. At the end of his land the stream goes over a sheer fall of twenty feet, which effectually bars the ascent of spawning salmon, and which, to quote my correspondent, would even deter a G.I. bride, and he wishes to know if any COUNTRY LIFE reader can advise him whether the trout with which he will stock the stream will go over this fall or not, as, if they do, they can never return. I would hesitate to give an opinion myself. It is my experience that trout will manage to escape from almost any water if the natural food is not up to the standard they expect, and that in their thorough search for better conditions they will be carried over the fall in a spate whether they intend to take the plunge or not. Practically every small stream which rises in peaty mountains is deficient of insect food owing to the acidity of the water, and the correction of this acidity, a problem which is beyond me, would seem to be the only solution.

## HISTORIC MOUNTAINS OF KINTAIL

Written and Illustrated by ALASDAIR ALPIN MACGREGOR

DURING those years when so much of the world's beauty was being scarred and shattered in the tumult of mankind, one learnt with gratification that a considerable part of the historic territory of Kintail, in Wester Ross, was to be preserved. In 1944 it was purchased by the National Trust for Scotland out of funds given by an anonymous supporter, for the purpose of acquiring mountainous country to be held and preserved, henceforth, for the enjoyment and benefit of the nation.

The area involved is roughly 15,000 acres. It embraces some of the grandest mountain scenery in Britain. From a point a few miles west of Cluanie Inn, the remote hostelry (closed a couple of years ago) at the head of Glen Shiel, it extends, northward, up the watershed. Thereafter its boundaries follow the Ross-Inverness county march over Ben Attow,

descend the *bealach*, or pass, at Loch a' Bhealaich; run westward down Glen Choinneachan, the valley lying on the north of Ben Attow; and then veer round to the Croe, the river flowing in a north-westerly direction down Glen Lichd. From the Croe, its western boundary follows the inmost shore of Loch Duich, to the mouth of the River Shiel. The course of the Shiel, up to a point a few miles west of Cluanie Inn, defines the Trust's property on the south-west.

These boundaries encompass the range of mountains known as the Five Sisters of Kintail. Sgurr Fhuaran (frequently, and almost phonetically, spelt Scour Ouran), loftiest of them, attains an altitude of 3,505 feet. Two of the remaining four peaks exceed 3,000 feet. They are Sgurr na Ciste Duibhe and Sgurr na Carnach, which are 3,370 and 3,270 feet, respectively. The fourth peak—Sgurr na Moraich—is 2,870 feet. The 2,750-feet contour passes below the

summit of the fifth—Sgurr nan Saighead. From a mile or so above Invershiel, which lies close to the shore of Loch Duich, Sgurr Fhuaran may be ascended by the longest slope of uniform gradient in Scotland—three and half thousand feet of grassy buttress.

The Kintail area now under Trust is inhabited mainly by crofters. It carries, in addition to deer, a large number of sheep belonging to them. The principle of administration will be the same as that of the Dalness Estate, the property between Glen Etive and Glen Coe, which the Trust purchased in 1937. Deer-stalking, in the accepted sense of the term, ceases, though steps will be taken to keep down the deer by continuing to employ, for a time, the stalkers already engaged there.

The public will have full right of access at all times. Directional signs will not be erected: neither will new paths be made. As far as possible the



THE HEAD OF LOCH DUICH AS SEEN FROM THE MAM RATAGAN ROAD TO GLEN ELG, WITH THE FIVE SISTERS OF KINTAIL ON THE RIGHT

entire area will remain in its present state, primitive and undeveloped. Facilities will be allowed, however, for camping sites, and for hostels and such other forms of accommodation as may be thought justifiable. But these will be granted within strict limits, and confined to the fringes of the main road, thus leaving the wilder and more mountainous parts free from all evidence of human habitation and activity.

As might be expected in a locality so crammed with prodigious mountain (prodigious, at any rate, so far as Britain is concerned) the whole of Kintail and of the impinging territories is intersected by a network of mountain-tracks and hill paths, many of which are scarcely known but to the shepherds answering to their solitary calling in this wild countryside, and to such of the natives as are accustomed to resort to them when afoot among the hills and lochs separating them from relatives and friends.

These intricate ways, often worn hard by the trotters of deer and sheep that have used them for generations, link the fastnesses of Kintail with the clachans—the townships—of the surrounding country, wherein men dwell, often so remotely. They thread their way through the mountaintops to Bernera and Glen Elg and Glen Beag; to Arnisdale and Loch Hourn; to Barisdale and the homesteads of Knoydart; to Loch Quoich and Glen Garry; to Glen Loyne and Glen Cluanie; to Elchaig and Killilan and the upper reaches of Loch Long.

Loveliest of them all, to my way of thinking (I believe I have traversed most of them at one time or another) is the hill-track linking Totaig with Glen Elg. Totaig lies buried among larches at the road-end, by the mouth of Loch Duich. On the north it overlooks the Dornie Ferry—or rather, what was a ferry, until the erection, a few years ago, of the bridge now spanning the entrance to Loch Long, between Dornie and Ardelve. To the west lies the expanse of Loch Alsh, with Beinn na Cailllich on the left, and the Red Hills of Skye in the background.

From this hill-track one obtains the most beautiful view of this part of Scotland. The meeting-place of the three sea-lochs—Lochs Alsh, Duich and Long—can be viewed from it as from nowhere else except, perhaps, from the heights behind Ardelve and Lochalsh village. Away to the west, one sees the narrows between Kyleakin, on the Isle of Skye, and Kyle of Lochalsh, on the mainland of Ross-shire. Beyond lie Broadford and the Red Hills. In the immediate foreground floats the islet known as Eilean Glas, upon which a herd of cattle grazes in summer. There is a lochan—a little loch—in the centre of this islet; and on a hot summer's day you may see the entire herd standing knee-deep in its waters. One day I sat for hours on the hillside traversed by this track, and marvelled at the indescribable beauty of the scene. I spent a good deal of my childhood quite near here; and, maybe, for this reason, the country around Loch Duich and Loch Alsh has a very special appeal for me.

When, in olden times, the natives of Kintail and the neighbouring districts wanted to visit Glen Elg, or Kylerhea, on the ancient highway to Skye, they came by road as far as a place called Auchtertyre. There they diverted for a boat that conveyed them across Loch Alsh to Ardentoul. To this day, many of the harder natives, passing on foot between Glen Elg and the places situated between Dornie and Kyle of Lochalsh, cross the hills by a track skirting Ardentoul, and linking Totaig with the Aird Ferry. For traffic on foot, this route is considerably shorter than the mountain road over the Mam Ratagan, that arduous



THE MEETING-PLACE OF LOCHS LONG, ALSH AND DUICH, AS SEEN FROM THE HEIGHTS BEHIND ARDENTOUL, ON THE HILL-TRACK BETWEEN TOTAIG AND BERNERA OF GLEN ELG. THE MOUNTAIN TO THE LEFT IS BEINN NA CAILLICH, IN SKYE. IN THE FAR DISTANCE ARE THE RED HILLS OF SKYE, NEAR BROADFORD

route between Glen Shiel and Glen Elg upon which the ponderous Dr. Johnson and James Boswell nearly came to grief.

The surface of this mountain road has been much improved since the days of my childhood in these romantic parts, nigh forty years ago. Any reliable car with a skilled driver can negotiate it with safety. But no one reasonably light of foot and sound of limb would grudge a day spent in reaching the summit of the Mam pass, if only to obtain from it that incomparable view of the Five Sisters and of the head of Loch Duich.

The recorded history of Kintail is bound up with the affairs of three Highland clans—MacKenzie, Matheson and MacRae. The last comprises a small clan which was adopted, so to speak, by the powerful and ambitious MacKenzies. They are said to have arrived in these parts with Colin FitzGerald, the somewhat mythical founder of the Clan MacKenzie. Once very numerous by the shores of Loch Duich, their descendants at the present day represent the clan whose surname and traditions are commonest in Kintail. Many of the MacRaes—the Wild MacRaes, as they are usually called in Scottish history and literature—fell in 1715, at Sheriffmuir, where, under Seaforth's direction, they fought for the Old

Chevalier. Indeed, so close at this period was their association with the MacKenzies of Seaforth, that they were actually styled the Shield of the Seaforths.

The Mathesons, too, swore fealty to Seaforth; and members of this clan are still numerous in Kintail.

The dominant clan in this locality for at least two centuries was the Clan MacKenzie, which originated in Kintail, and rose to greatness on the ruins of the Clan Donald—the MacDonalds. The MacKenzies make their first appearance in history about the fifteenth century, although the FitzGerald legend would seem to assign their origin to the thirteenth. They attribute it to that incident so well commemorated by Bartolozzi when, in 1788, he engraved Sir Benjamin West's painting, *Alexander III, King of Scotland, Rescued from the Fury of the Stag by the Intrepidity of Colin FitzGerald, the ancestor of the present MacKenzie family*.

Gradually extending their possessions late in the sixteenth century, during the chiefship of Kenneth, Lord Seaforth, the MacKenzies ultimately acquired, at the expense of the hapless MacLeods, the Island of Lewis, largest of the Outer Hebrides, which includes that great arm of the Minch called Loch Seaforth. Incidentally, toward the close of the eighteenth



CLACHAN DUICH, THE OLD BURYING-PLACE OF KINTAIL, WITH BEN ATTOW ENSHROUDED IN MIST

century, the Seaforth Highlanders received their name from the last Lord Seaforth, thirteenth Chief of the Clan MacKenzie. This regiment wears the MacKenzie tartan; while in its crest (the *cabr feidh*, or stag's antlers) as well as in its motto *Cuidich 'n Righ!* (Help the King!) is perpetuated the tradition of Colin FitzGerald's gallantry.

Near the head of Loch Duich, and not far from the present church and manse of Kintail, is Clachan Duich—the roofless ruin of the old church of Kintail and the adjacent burying-ground. It lies between the hillock, on which stands a granite memorial to the MacRaes and their relatives who fell in the 1914-1918 war, and the golden wrack through which the River Croe flows at ebb to meet the tide in Loch Duich. Within the four walls of the ruin are buried several people unchronicled. In the south wall there is a tablet enumerating some seven chiefs of the Clan MacRae and their wives, who were interred there.

The inscription on this tablet bears out that two of these chiefs were also Constables of Eilean Donan. The tablet refers to Sir Colin MacRae as "the present acknowledged chief of the Clan MacRae by whom this memorial has been erected." Sir Colin,

a Writer to the Signet, who was born in 1844, lived in Edinburgh; and I remember him well, for, during the latter years of his life, he and my late father saw much of one another. Below the tablet is a large slab in the form of a memorial erected by clansmen and clanswomen "in loving memory of their chief, Sir Colin MacRae." The tablet was unveiled at Clachan Duich in 1927, two years after Sir Colin's death.

On an islet at the mouth of Loch Duich, and no distance from the village of Dornie, stands the Castle of Eilean Donan, which was restored a few years ago and may now be regarded as the showplace of Kintail. I well remember the impression its weathered shell created on my mind when, in childhood, I visited this neighbourhood with my parents, in a trap, and my father proceeded to tell me of this stronghold's siege in olden times, as our pony footed with caution the cobble-stoned jetty at the Dornie Ferry. We had travelled from Applecross, by way of Kyle of Lochalsh.

Tradition says that Eilean Donan was built in the thirteenth century, under the direction of one of the Lords of the Isles, as a defence against the reiving Northmen. Some archaeologists are of opinion that it occupies the site of an ancient vitrified fort.

After the Battle of Largs, in 1263, Colin FitzGerald, aforementioned, is said to have been appointed Constable of Eilean Donan in recognition of his services to king and country; and local tradition has it that, before Bannockburn, John MacKenzie of Kintail sheltered Robert the Bruce within its walls. The Castle figured prominently in Cromwellian times, when it was heavily garrisoned. Government troops stormed it during "The Fifteen," and succeeded in capturing it. But shortly before the Battle of Sheriffmuir the Jacobites appear to have re-taken it. In 1719 it suffered bombardment and destruction when Kintail was the scene of a battle which brought about the collapse of a second attempt to restore to the throne the luckless Stewarts.

Roughly half-way down Glen Shiel, where the road is carried across the river of the same name, lies Bridge of Shiel. Nearby is a spot marked in many maps with a pair of crossed swords and the date, 1719.

Four years after the Rising of 1715, another endeavour was made to restore the fallen dynasty—an endeavour historians tend to ignore, since it was completely abortive, although the preparations for it were probably more formidable than for either "The Fifteen" or "The Forty-five." In the autumn of 1718, assistance was offered to the Jacobites by Philip of Spain, through his minister, Cardinal Alberoni. Tension between England and Spain had been growing during the previous year. Alberoni resolved to strike England at what he believed to be her most vulnerable point, namely, by an invasion calculated to assist the exiled Stewarts.

He therefore planned an expedition under the Earl Marischal, whom he supplied with two frigates, some two thousand muskets, a considerable quantity of ammunition and money, and a body of over three hundred Spanish troops to form the nucleus of an army, round which it was hoped the Highland clans would gather. On April 13, the frigates touched the shore of Wester Ross, and effected a landing at Loch Alsh. The following day, Lord George Murray arrived from France, and news was immediately sent round the Jacobite clans

rison at Inverness, was on his way to Kintail with a force a thousand strong, with over a hundred dragoons, and a battery of four mortars. Soon he found himself in Glen Shiel, with the enemy in sight. At length the Hanoverians and the Jacobites came into conflict. The latter were routed; and the Spanish troops, finding their Highland allies in retreat, began to retire towards the mountains. The Hanoverians, it is said, eventually pursued them until dark, over the shoulder of Sgurr Fhuaran. And away in the hills of Kintail there lies a corrie that, to this day, the shepherds call *Bealach an Spaineteach*, Pass of the Spaniards.

It is thought that on neither side were the casualties heavy. Among the Jacobites, both William, fifth Earl of Seaforth, and Lord George Murray were wounded. Seaforth, who had been attainted in 1715 for his part at Sheriffmuir, was carried off the field by his supporters. He made his way to France, as did so many in similar straits at this time. There he continued in exile until 1726, when George I granted him a pardon, and he returned to Scotland, where he spent the remaining years of his life in peaceful retirement. He died in 1740.

Finding themselves without either ammu-



THE RESTORED CASTLE OF EILEAN DONAN, WITH THE MOUTH OF LOCH DUICH TO THE LEFT, LOCH ALSH AHEAD AND SKYE IN THE BACKGROUND

advising them to hold themselves in readiness.

The Castle of Eilean Donan became the headquarters of the rebel forces. The ammunition and stores belonging to the Spaniards were secreted there; and the Castle itself was garrisoned by forty-five of their number. But on May 10, Captain Boyle, with three ships, sailed up Loch Alsh to Eilean Donan, and sent out an emissary with a flag of truce to demand its surrender. The boat conveying the emissary was fired on, however, with the result that the vessels instantly opened fire on the Castle.

The ancient stronghold of the MacKenzies, impregnable to Highland warfare, proved of little account against naval artillery properly trained on it. Before long a storming party was landed on the rock on which Eilean Donan stands. It soon took the fortress. The Spanish garrison was taken captive; and the arms, ammunition, and supplies stored in the vaults were seized. Then Eilean Donan was blown up.

The *Flamborough*, one of the English vessels engaged in this part of the enterprise, then sailed up Loch Duich in search of a magazine said to have been situated near the head of the loch. On her approach, the Highlanders blew up the magazine and speedily retired to the hills. The Spanish invaders were now in sore straits, for their retreat to the sea was cut off by vigilant patrols from the English squadron.

All this time, Major-General Wightman, who had been in command of the Hanoverian gar-

tion or provender, and with their forces thoroughly disordered and demoralised, the Jacobites decided, on the night after this Battle of Glen Shiel, that the Spanish troops should surrender themselves to the Hanoverians, and that the Highlanders should disperse as best they could. And so this little-known rebellion was at an end. The Spanish prisoners of war, some 274 in number, were taken by Inverness to Edinburgh. In October of the same year they were repatriated.

In July, 1932, I was present at the formal opening of Eilean Donan, after its restoration. The Castle remained in ruins from 1719, when it was blown up, until it was bought by the late Colonel MacRae-Gilstrap in 1912. A year later, the Colonel's flag was hoisted on Eilean Donan. He laid claim to having been Constable of the Castle in succession to his grandfather seven times removed, the Rev. Farquhar Mackie, who, between 1618 and 1651, was both minister of Kintail and Constable of Eilean Donan, offices to which he appears to have been appointed by Colin, Earl of Seaforth.

The re-opening of this ancient stronghold as a place of residence was a great event in the annals of the Western Highlands of Scotland. It was the result of twenty years' labour; and the troubles encountered in its reconstruction are difficult to imagine for anyone living outside the remote Highlands. Not since the time of the Gay Seaforths had Kintail witnessed such scenes as were enacted on the opening day.

# THE SHIRE, A GIANT AMONG HORSES

By R. S. SUMMERHAYS

HISTORIANS of the Elizabethan period named their breed of heavy horses the Great Horse of England, an arresting and very descriptive title. This horse is claimed as the ancestor of our Shire horse of to-day and no doubt the claim is a valid one. No doubt, too, a much more ancient line of descent can be claimed for this mighty animal. Indeed, it is said, and again with some truth, perhaps, that horses of great strength and substance were used by the Britons to repel the invading Romans. It may be assumed that something approaching the strength of a cart-horse was required to carry heavy men in armour, and to draw the crude carts and chariots over country where roads were non-existent.

No breed of animal can spring from nothing, and so we can safely assert that the Shire horse, as we know him to-day, found his beginnings in very remote times. Whether he played his part in repelling the Romans or, at a later

the one hand, and almost absurd bulkiness on the other, a first-class and not expensive advertisement.

Before I enter into a detailed description of the Shire as a breed, let us consider some of the chief impressions which must be felt by those who would judge him. First, he must, above everything, stand out as possessing size and strength and very great power. In this he must surpass all other breeds of heavy draught horses. The stallion must be the mightiest horse that it is possible to look upon and, though possessed of no classic line of head, he must have a certain gentle nobility in his outlook.

Remember, if he is among the best of his peers he may have to weigh a ton or over, stand more than 17 hands, and be capable of pulling a net weight of five tons! Everything about him must be on the most generous scale. I can assure those who have never stood up

Shire horse must possess all those which combine strength and everything which is helpful to strength with docility and intelligence, for without docility this monster of flesh and bone would indeed be a handful, a very terror let loose. Without a certain intelligence, as a farm worker or toiler at the docks he would not be a good commercial proposition.

Now the head of the Shire is very characteristic and is not large for the size of the horse. The nose always tends to be Roman in shape and the muzzle should be fine, with the lips compressed. A pendulous underlip is to be avoided. The whole appearance of the head should show a wealth of kindness in its outlook.

The ears of a typical Shire are short and alertly pricked. The neck must be of medium size, massive to a degree, even in the mares and geldings, and standing well up. The mane, as also the hair on the fetlocks, should be not only silky but, when raised in the hand, of considerable weight.

Though not of such low draught as the Suffolk Punch or the Percheron, the Shire stands on a short leg which runs up to an oblique shoulder, laid broad and deep to carry a collar, and the bone of the leg, as of the knee, must be flat and of great measurement, running to, perhaps, 12 inches below the latter. The feet must be deep and wide, standing well up and showing no trace of being down at the heel, with the pasterns not too long and covered with feather as generous as a hay-cock. You should be able to get hold of the tendons and find them standing right away from the cannon bone.

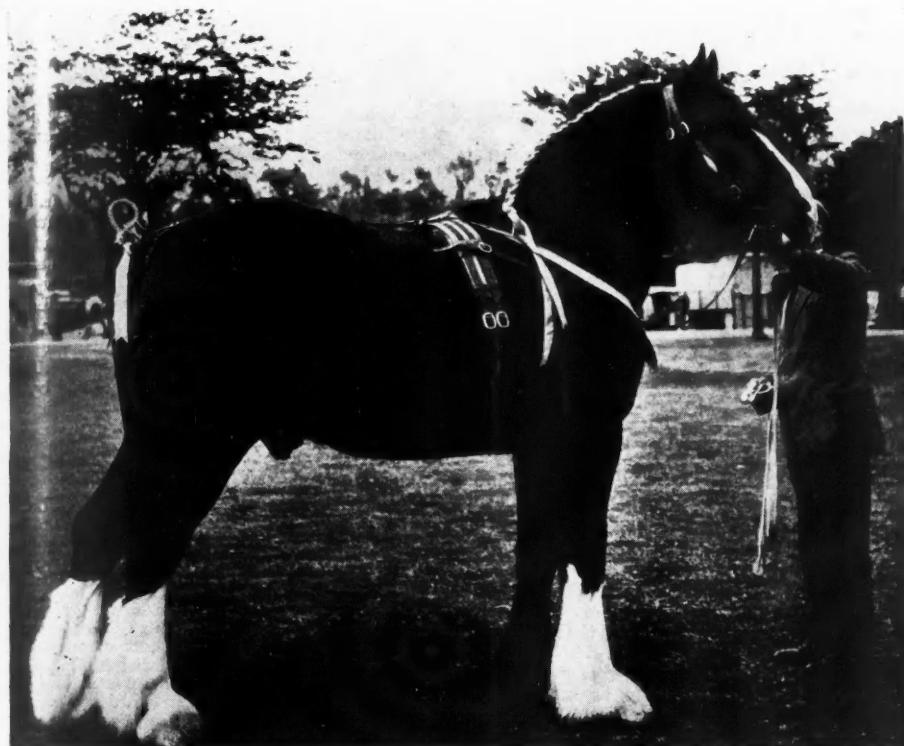
For all heavy horse breeds working on the roads, the question of sound feet is of vital importance. How much more so in the heaviest of all the breeds? In appraising the value of a Shire, therefore, the greatest care must be taken to see that the foot is round and open with a generous frog, and the surface smooth, hard and free from ridges.

The back, of course, must be short and deep, with a great spring to the ribs. The quarters cannot be too full and generously round. As with all good horses, especially with heavy draught, where so much strain is imposed, the hocks must be clean and very well let down, and the nearer the point of the hock is to the ground the better. This, with a definite shortness below the knee, will be found in all good Shires. A good stallion claims the enormous girth of perhaps seven to eight feet and his back must be of double-bed dimensions. Such, then, is a short description of the points of this colossus of the horse world.

It would hardly be expected that so mighty an animal could be a very active mover and his critics assert this against the Shire. He, with his other rivals in the fields and on the roads—the Percherons, Clydesdales and Suffolks—does all his work at a walk. Perhaps the Shire is the slowest mover of all, but, at the end of a day's work, I doubt if a comparison of mileage and time would show any very appreciable difference between these breeds.

From a commercial point of view the Shire of the show ring has its attractions. Any of these can be light-worked on the farm at between two to three years old. Brought into the ring at, say, five years, a winner commands a high price, be it a stallion, mare or gelding. Indeed, an Islington winner will perhaps fetch a higher price than any other breed, except a thoroughbred or, in exceptional cases, a very high-caste Arabian. Certainly hunter-breeders and others would count themselves lucky to receive anything up to, say, 2,000 gns. for a champion.

No breed of horse is without its champions and none without its critics, but for a hardy worker, honest and capable of moving a mountain, the Shire can stand up to any critical argument. Certainly for sheer majesty of appearance and bearing he can be called the king of draught horses—elephantine in strength and as gentle as a fawn.



A CHAMPION SHIRE STALLION

Head typical, with thoughtful outlook. Roman nose, ears small and alert. Wealth of mane. Good shoulders for collar to lie on. Great strength in arms, short below knee, a little long in pastern, back short and without slackness, towards quarters which are generous and strong. Gaskins might be stronger but hocks are admirable. It shows every indication of great power and equable disposition—a typical stallion.

period, carried knights in their armour of the fantastic weight of perhaps nearly 30 stone, is a matter that certainly does not interest us over much. What, however, is of interest is that, according to no less an authority than the first Sir Walter Gilbey, so long ago as 200 years a breed of heavy horse existed which was used by the cavalry of the time and which was called the Shire horse.

It is not surprising that deep and heavy-soiled counties such as Lincolnshire, Cambridgeshire and Huntingdonshire should be the home of much breeding of the Shire. To-day we need not go far afield to find this impressive and most likeable horse, for many of the draught horses on the streets of London, Manchester and, particularly, Liverpool are Shires.

Many corporations, boroughs, brewers and other users of heavy horses employ Shires, not only because they know that in them they have honest workers and healthy ones, but because they have in the shafts, horses which are by their very appearance of magnificence on

against a show stallion that the experience is almost breath-taking. Might and majesty must be there, with much of the kindness with which we associate many large people. Stand in front of him and he must have the stance of a bulldog but be straight as a die. Look at him from behind and he must almost fill the country lane and brush the hedgerows.

No chestnuts will be found among Shire horses, which is a pity. To imagine a bright chestnut stallion with, perhaps, four white socks, standing in the ring on a bright summer's day is to picture something almost *too* magnificent. Bays and browns are the predominating colours and you will find blacks and plenty of greys. Each of these colours is sufficient to enhance, if possible, the appearance of the splendid Shire. Most of these animals, by the way, show a certain amount of white on the feet and legs. Many of us think that this adds a flash appearance to any horse but, as we know, there is a prejudice in favour of whole-coloured legs.

For a critical review of his points the ideal



A VIEW FROM THE SOUTH-EAST OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AT CIRENCESTER, GLOUCESTERSHIRE  
The well-kept farm lands in the foreground are part of the College property

## ENGLAND'S FIRST AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE:

A RETROSPECT ⚡ By VISCOUNT BLEDISLOE, P.C., G.C.M.G., M.R.A.C.,  
*President of the Royal Agricultural Society of England*

**I**T is 101 years since the Royal Agricultural College at Cirencester, Gloucestershire, was founded, and 51 since, as a student and editor of its journal *The Agricultural Students' Gazette*, I took part in the celebration of its jubilee. The two recent wars and their aftermath compelled the observance of its centenary to be postponed until next Wednesday, May 22.

The Royal Agricultural Society of England was founded in 1838—seven years before the foundation of the College—and in its journal for 1842 a lecture by Professor Charles Daubeny, entitled *The Application of Science to Agriculture*, was reported. Daubeny, a Gloucestershire man, was Professor of Chemistry and Botany at Oxford, and John Bennet Lawes, the founder of the Rothamsted Experimental Station (our premier agricultural research station) was one of his pupils there. It was probably this publication which inspired the historic address delivered in November of that year by Mr. Robert Jeffreys Brown to the Fairford and Cirencester Farmers' Club on *The Advantages of a Specific Education for Agricultural Pursuits*. He emphasised the necessity for systematic instruction in agriculture and its allied sciences, and advocated the establishment of a public school of agriculture in England.

Discussions in the local market towns followed, and general interest was aroused among the local farming community. A public meeting to promote such a project was held in Cirencester on April 22, 1844, with a kinsman of mine, Henry George, Earl Bathurst, in the chair,

whereat it was decided "that it is expedient to provide an Institution, in which the rising generation of farmers may receive instruction at a moderate expense, in those sciences, a knowledge of which is essential to successful cultivation, and that a farm form part of such Institution." Earl Bathurst offered a farm of over 400 acres, suitably situated, on a 99-year lease at a moderate rent, and this offer was eventually accepted.

National interest in the scheme was evoked by an important conference on the subject in the R.A.S.E. showyard at Southampton in July of the same year, with the result that capital was raised to advance the project. The Prince Consort consented to be Patron and became the holder of the first five shares (of £30 each) which, on his death, were transferred by Queen Victoria to the Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward VII, who, like successive sovereigns, became Patron. On March 27, 1845, a Royal Charter was granted for the incorporation of "The Agricultural College" in which "the science of agriculture and the various sciences connected therewith, and the practical application thereof in the cultivation of the soil, and in the rearing and management of stock, are intended to be taught."

A Council was formed, with Mr. Edward Holland, a great enthusiast for agricultural education, as its Chairman, which post he occupied until his death in 1872. The building of the College was commenced, with Mr. Daukes, of London, as architect, and Mr. Thomas Bridges, of Cirencester, as builder, in April, 1845, and

completed in April, 1846, various ancillary buildings being added in subsequent years. By command of Queen Victoria the prefix "Royal" was added to its designation in March, 1847.

There being no precedent for the running of such an institution, either in this country or abroad, the College encountered many financial difficulties in its early years, from which it was eventually freed by the princely liberality of its Chairman, Mr. Edward Holland, assisted by four other friends of the College, namely, Earl Bathurst, the Earl of Ducie, Mr. J. H. Langston, M.P., and Mr. T. G. Bucknall Estcourt. These growing pains are humorously described by the great novelist Charles Dickens in an article on the College (where his son was then a student) published in *All The Year Round* on October 10, 1868. He writes:—

Our English College, founded 26 years since, not by Government, but by working farmers, when a fashion had come up for recognising the new need of scientific training to their business, has not received one farthing of public money. It had to find its own way in the world, and paid so heavily for the experience by which it profits now, that there is a charge to be met of some twelve hundred a year, interest on debt incurred in its young days. For the last twenty years the college has paid this out of its earnings, while providing liberally from the same source for the minds and bodies of its students. The managers of the new college were sanguine, and had all their experience to buy; there was no other agricultural college in the country, by whose early mistakes they might profit; so they began, like heroes, with an e'er of board, lodging, practical and scientific education, all for thirty pounds a year! What could be more desirable than that? How lovely the intrepid front of youth! Experience first showed that, while each student paid thirty pounds a year for everything, he cost the college thirty-two for meat and drink alone. That being so, how was the debt on the buildings to be met? How were the teachers to be paid? Out of the profits of the farm? Ay, but that, too, was managed at a loss. There was a bright ideal notion that students should become practically acquainted with every detail of farm work—hoeing, digging, paring turnips, feeding sheep, and so forth; but that, if they did field labour, they gave service worth wages, and should be credited with wages for their work. Thus it was thought that their industry might pay some part of the cost of their maintenance. And, behold, there was a book kept in which every student was credited with the wages of such work as he did on the farm. "Such" work. Well. The same bright speculation is to be tried under different and far more hopeful conditions at the new Cornell University in New York.

The following two decades established England's premier agricultural college on a sound basis, financial as well as scholastic. Heirs to landed estates, young yeoman farmers, and prospective estate agents were flocking there from every part of the kingdom, as well as young agriculturists from other parts of the world,



THE QUADRANGLE AND ENTRANCE TO THE IMPRESSIVE COLLEGE BUILDING  
The building was begun in 1845 and completed a year later

W. Dennis Moss

many of them, notably Indian natives, sent there by their Governments.

I have an interesting recollection of one of the latter—a young Hindu—who conceived an unreciprocated affection for me and a pathetic faith in my didactic capacity. He offered to give me seven Indian villages, if I would coach him (occasionally) for the College diploma. On one occasion, when I was laid up with influenza and a bad headache, he climbed through my bedroom window and, with a shout of "I can cure you," proceeded, in spite of my protests, to administer the most violent massage to my head, uttering some strange Indian formula as he did so. It removed the headache, which, however, returned later on with greater intensity.

When I became an out-student in 1892, after having graduated in Jurisprudence at Oxford and been called to the Bar, I went to the College, as my father had done 22 years previously, as heir to the family estate, and indeed there an expansive atmosphere of spiritual, mental and physical enjoyment which had enriched and inspired my whole life. I shared lodgings in the old mediaeval town with my dear friend, Christopher Turnor, the future Lincolnshire model squire and eminent agriculturist, and Charles Foxcroft, afterwards M.P. for Bath. Among my fellow students were Lord Charles Kennedy (now Marquess of Ailsa), Archibald Weigall (afterwards Governor of Southern Australia and Chairman of the Royal Empire Society), Hugh Lord Emlyn (afterwards 4th Earl Cawdor), and Leon Goldstand, a wealthy and able Polish landowner, whose chief amusement in his vacations was shooting wolves and who, during the first world war, was Consul-General for Poland in London. He won the College Gold Medal in 1894, and endowed the Silver Medal (called after him) in 1895. The first winner of the Goldstand Medal was the present Lord Ailsa. In the following year the winner of a similar medal was my Gloucestershire fellow student, Bruce Swanwick, son of Russell Swanwick, the distinguished stockbreeder and tenant of the College Farm.

Among my other fellow-students were Counts Peter and Paul Bobrinskoy from Russia and Count Gulinelli from Italy, Robert Holland-Martin (afterwards Chairman of Martins Bank and of the Southern Railway), and E. L. T. Austen, "the Scarborough Giant," whose chief pets were snakes and chief sport fox-hunting. This, however, he conducted on foot, as no



THE WELL-EQUIPPED LIBRARY, WHICH HOUSES A COLLECTION OF REFERENCE BOOKS COVERING A WIDE RANGE OF AGRICULTURAL SUBJECTS

hunter could carry his great weight. No one knew better the habits of the fox, and on more than one occasion he was first in at the death when hunting with the V.W.H., and got the brush. He was a great walker, and had a poor opinion of those who were not. I walked with him from my home near Monmouth to his home at Scarborough : it took nine consecutive days.

Among the very competent professional staff during my studentship were three whom I regarded with much affection and valued both as instructors and personal friends. They were Professors Blundell (Agriculture), Kinch (Chemistry), and Harker (Natural History). They opened my eyes to the environment and secrets of the British countryside, and made for me rural life, at home and abroad, the intensely interesting experience which it has since proved to be. Among those who, at my request, as editor of *The Agricultural Students' Gazette* contributed to it, were Sir John Bennet Lawes, the famous squire of Rothamsted (who established, at Harpenden, England's first agricultural research station and manufactured the world's first artificial fertiliser, superphosphate of lime), his learned colleague, Sir Joseph Henry Gilbert, Dr. R. Warington, the agricultural chemist, Sir William Thiselton-Dyer (Director of the Royal Botanical Gardens, Kew, and a former Professor of the College), Sir Jacob Wilson, organiser of the Royal Shows, and Miss Eleanor Ormerod, the authority on insect pests.

I recall with interest the celebration of the College Jubilee on July 25, 1895, when its Patron, the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward VII), visited the College and attended luncheon in a tent in the Principal's garden, supported by the Earl of Ducie (then Chairman of the Governors), the Earl of Crewe (an old student), Earl Bathurst, the Earl of Suffolk, Viscount Cobham, Sir Jacob Wilson (an old student), Sir Walter Gilbey (President of the R.A.S.E.), Dr. Fream (formerly one of the College Professors and author of *The Elements of Agriculture*), Sir Nigel Kingscote, Mr. H. J. Elwes (the celebrated forester), and Sir J. Henry Gilbert (the great agricultural chemist), next to whom I had the honour of sitting as one of the three selected representatives of the students.

I recollect being much intrigued by the Chairman, in his address of welcome to the Prince, describing him as an exemplary land-owner of some of the worst land in the kingdom, and subsequently presenting him with a Stilton cheese made in the College dairy. Of the 72 persons who sat down to that Jubilee luncheon only two are alive to-day, namely, Col. the Hon. A. B. Bathurst (then M.P. for East Gloucestershire and an old student) and myself.

The College flock of sheep was unique, for it included samples of every breed in Great Britain. I was so much impressed with the Suffolks, with their clean black faces and legs, that I subsequently became the first owner of a flock of them in Gloucestershire.

At the time of its Jubilee the College was at the zenith of its prosperity and prestige, despite the prevailing extreme agricultural depression, and these it continued to enjoy, with fluctuations of fortune, until the first world war, when, as practically all its staff and students of military age joined the armed forces, it was left empty and taken over by a Nonconformist girls' school, which had been driven by fear of invasion from East Anglia.

The greatest crisis in its history was reached after that war, when, in competition with other more modern colleges receiving Government and county council grants, and faced with higher maintenance costs and diminution in the flow of students from other countries, it appeared hopeless to reopen it and carry it on as a self-supporting economic proposition. The Government of the day regarded it as disentitled to any grants from the public purse, as having failed to democratise itself, and (as a company) having private shareholders and debenture holders, although none of them had ever received a penny in return for their investment.

Under these circumstances, as then Chairman of the Governors and with the invaluable support of four old students (the late Marquess of Crewe, Mr. Christopher Turnor, Sir Beville Stanier, M.P., and Sir Archibald Weigall), I made a stirring appeal to all old *alumni* of the College to help in paying off the debenture debt. The response was generous, the debentures were redeemed, and the College launched on a new and more democratised lease of life, with welcome support from the Government, the Councils of adjacent counties, and from Bristol University. Thereafter, until 1939, the number of students was well maintained, and the buildings and equipment extended and improved.

On the outbreak of the second world war it again lost all its staff and students, and its premises were taken over by the R.A.F. On the cessation of the latter's occupation it was reopened as a College last autumn with a strong staff and more would-be students than it could accommodate. It is thus able to celebrate its centenary with confidence in its future utility and success, and with the prospect of fully justifying its old claim as the premier agricultural college of the British Commonwealth and Empire.



W. Dennis Moss

THE DINING HALL. THE CASE TO THE RIGHT OF THE TOP TABLE CONTAINS THE COLLEGE'S TROPHIES



1.—KENT'S LANDSCAPE SETTING FROM THE NORTH. The River Cherwell runs at the foot of the steep slope

## ROUSHAM, OXFORDSHIRE—I THE PROPERTY OF MR. T. COTTRELL-DORMER

*The Jacobean house was enlarged and redecorated for General James Dormer by William Kent, 1738-40, who also designed much of the furniture and the landscape garden.*

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

WHERE the Bicester-Chipping Norton road crosses the Cherwell, midway between Banbury and Oxford, one sees Rousham to the south up a wide glade among the woods clothing the steep bank of a bend in the river (Fig. 1). From that distance, and even on closer approach, the house appears to be Jacobean, as indeed it is in origin. But what makes Rousham unique is the transformation that the place underwent a century later at the hands of William Kent, that elusive figure who dominated the arts in the

second quarter of the eighteenth century. The view one catches from the road is so utterly different from the Horse Guards or Holkham or any other of his surviving works that it might seem an exaggeration to say that Rousham is the *locus classicus* for the study of Kent. Yet that is the case. Here alone is preserved intact one of Kent's landscape gardens—in Walpole's view his best—together with outstanding examples of his work as architect, painter, and designer of furniture.

So much of Kent's has been destroyed, and he covered so wide a field with such facility, that he has been ignorantly contemned and not till now been accorded the study his achievement deserves—in a book by Miss Jourdain to be published shortly by COUNTRY LIFE. There have been greater English artists in every field he essayed, but no other practised them all; and of one, that of landscape design, Kent was the originator in the sense that he was its earliest practitioner. The existence at Rousham of this solitary survivor of Kent's gardens (with the exception of parts of Stowe, much altered), and the modest character of his alterations to the house, in contrast to the grandeur of those generally associated with his name, combine to give a clearer, because more intimate, idea of his personality than is to be had anywhere else. The discovery of a

quantity of letters relating to his work here further brings him to life.

Kent's patron at Rousham was General James Dormer, Colonel of the Horse-Grenadier-Guards, veteran of Marlborough's and Peterborough's campaigns, sometime envoy extraordinary to Lisbon, and at this time an elderly bachelor of easy fortune and cultivated tastes—member of the Kit Cat Club and friend of Gay, Swift and Pope. The Dormer family established itself widely in Oxfordshire and Buckinghamshire in Tudor and Jacobean times, with Ascott, Dorton, and Chearsley in Long Crendon (their traditional burial-place) as their principal homes. A picture at Rousham of Sir John Dormer (c. 1625) shows his hand resting on a ground plan of Dorton. Why, with so many mansions, Sir Robert acquired and built the house at Rousham in 1635, is not clear. It was a manor house on the "H" plan, one room deep in the middle with a porch to each front. The front door, incidentally, in preparation for the troubled times apparently foreseen, was provided with three musket holes at keyhole level. Not far off stand the old church and the manorial dovecot. Such was the house inherited by General Dormer and which exists within his alterations and more extensive ones made to the north garden front in 1877.

Kent did not structurally alter the Jacobean house of which the entrance front, looking south, is much as he left it (Fig. 3). His external alterations comprised the removal of the central mullion from each paired window on the lower floors to fit them for sash windows—barred sashes, not the present Victorian plate glass—but retaining the original fenestration in the porch and top floor; the battlementing of the parapet; and erection of the cupola on the porch turret of the south front. These latter changes are referred to in a letter from William White, the clerk of the works, to the General on March 13, 1739, in which he says: "The Battlements are set up and the carpenters employed in framing timber for the Turret." This may imply that the roof was originally gabled like Chasleton (1603-12) to which Rousham is similar in plan. To either flank of the north front Kent annexed pavilion-like wings, each containing a single large room,



2.—THE STABLES. Probably from Kent's design



3.—THE ENTRANCE FRONT FROM THE SOUTH, AS ALTERED BY KENT

connected to the centre block by low corridors in the usual Palladian manner. The back of these are seen in Fig. 3. The simple and stately design of the stables (Fig. 2) that face the house on the east (completed after the General's death in January 1742), can be aimed as Kent's, since the possible alternative, Townesend the Oxford Mason-Architect, who also worked at Rousham, appears definitely to have built only a Temple in the Garden.

Within the old house Kent retained the Jacobean oak staircase, hung with Dormer portraits, and did little more than insert Georgian doors, chimney-pieces, and cornices, except for the parlour occupying the ground floor of the east wing, to the right of the entrance—which gives into a lateral passage-hall quite plainly treated.

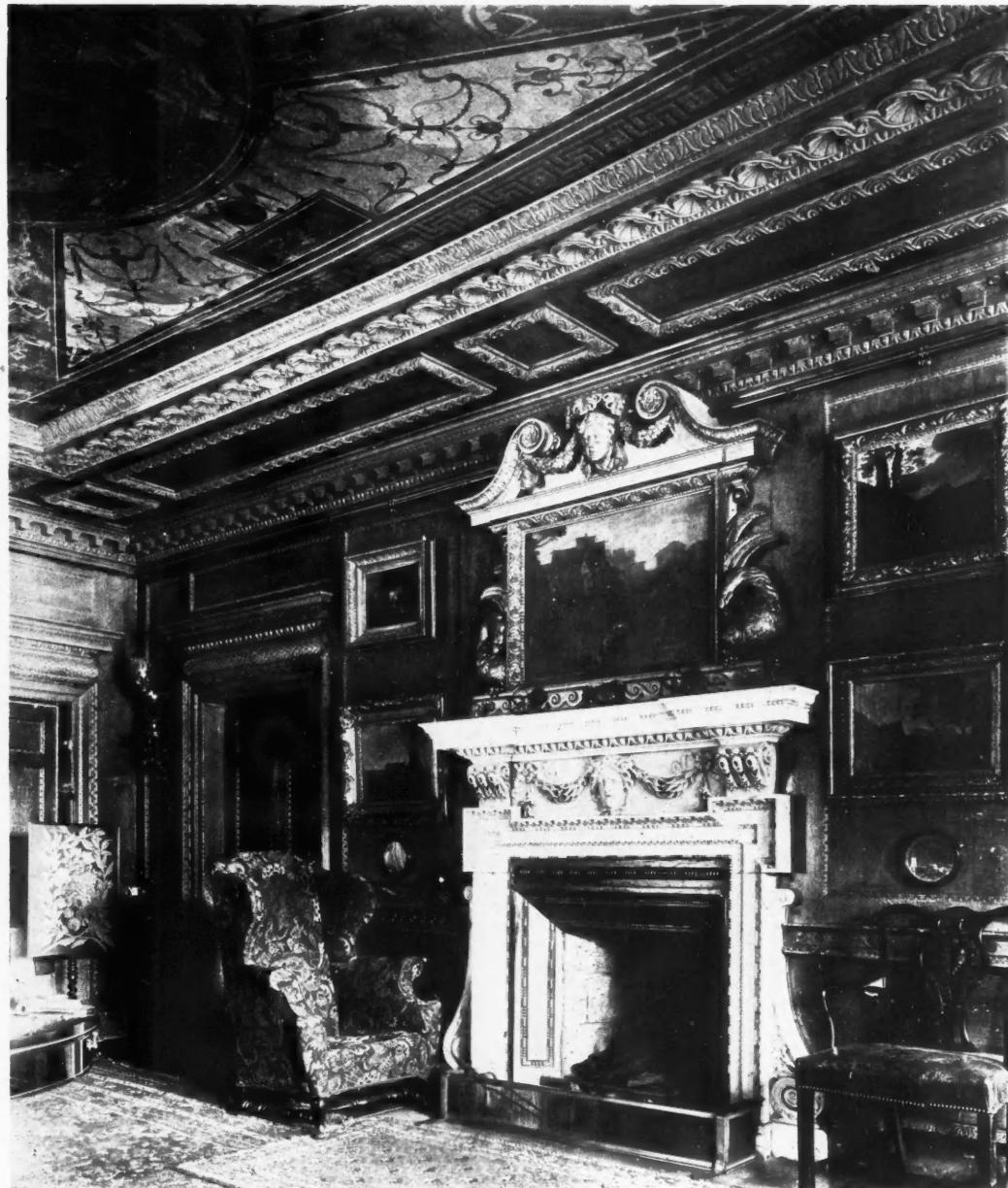
The parlour (Fig. 4) he completely redecorated in his most personal and characteristic manner. As it also retains the furniture designed by him and the pictures originally selected for it, the whole is of exceptional value to the appreciation of Kent's distinctive style. The room is neither large nor lofty, some 10 ft. high, 25 ft. long and 16 ft. wide, with the original bay window extending its length, and a pair of windows opposite the fireplace in the west side. There are balanced doorways, one a dummy in each case, in the north and east walls. The wainscoted walls have large slightly sunk panels above a dado rail; the skirting, dado rail and panel mouldings are enriched, as are the doorcases and modillioned cornice, with appropriate classical motifs. The side windows, deep set, have surrounds the moulding of which rises from volutes identical with those in the frame of the mirror between them (Fig. 7). At appropriate places in the wall scheme richly scrolled brackets support some of the General's collection of bronzes.

The salient feature of the wall scheme is, of course, the chimney-piece (Fig. 5), in which

the white marble fireplace is wholly typical of Kent with the broken architrave flanked by inverted consoles, the Medusa's head between ribboned swags in the entablature, and the triple acanthus buds (if such are this favourite Kentian motif) on the brackets supporting the strongly moulded shelf. The overmantel consists in a very elaborate carved and gilt wood frame, supported at

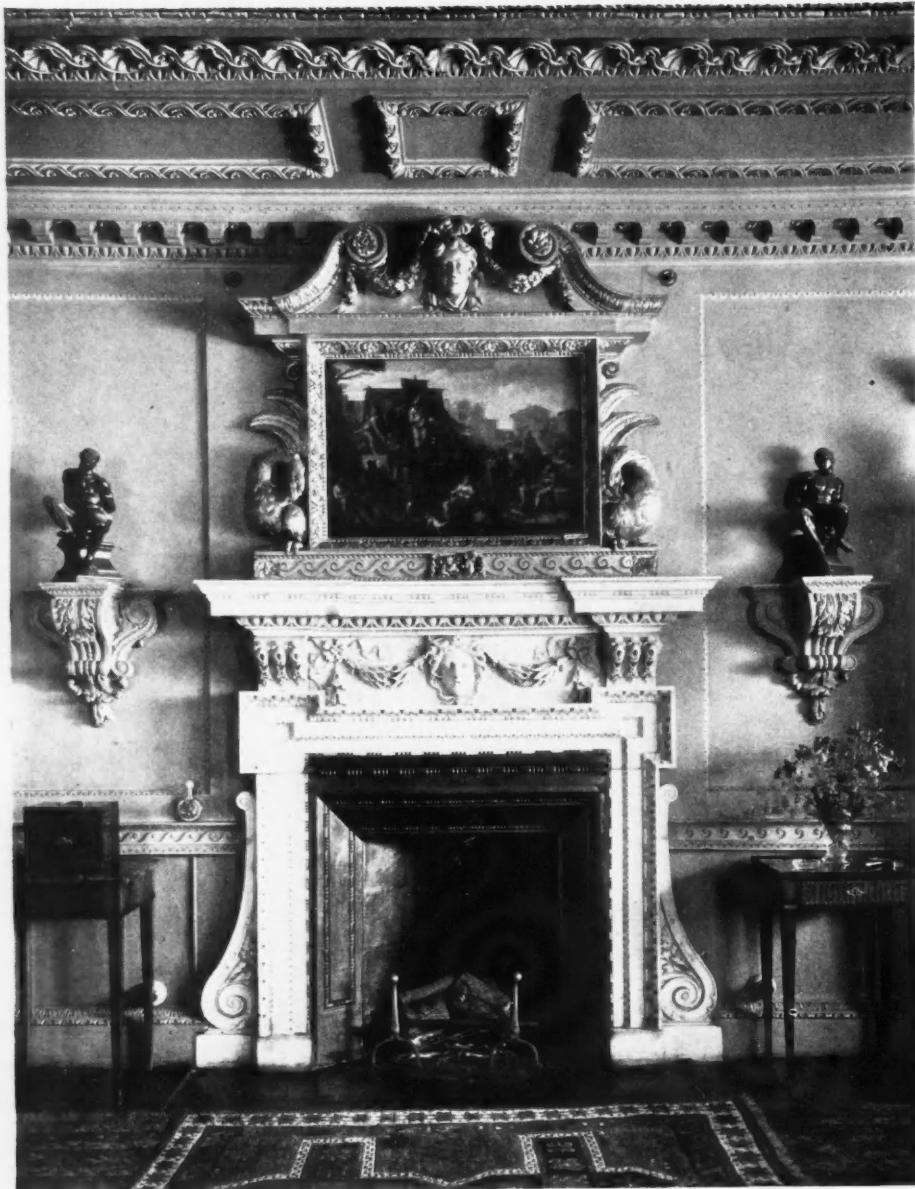
the sides by crouching eagles and surmounted by the typical Kent broken pediment and female mask.

The frame rests on a moulding repeating the waving guilloche motif of the dado rail which recurs throughout Kent's work here, and may have reference to the rippling stream of the Cherwell that provides the main theme of the garden. The over-



4.—THE PARLOUR, DECORATED BY WILLIAM KENT.

An Old Photograph



mantelpiece is a romantic mountebank scene by Van Leer.

The ceiling has panels of a rose and ribbon guilloche moulding, and a bolder guilloche containing scallop shells, as outer and inner frames respectively to the most remarkable feature of the decorative scheme: one of Kent's painted "grotesque" ceilings. The other is in the Presence Chamber at Kensington Palace, painted 1724. As early as 1717, when still studying in Rome, Kent wrote that John Talman had suggested his painting a ceiling for his friend Bull Massingberd "after the grotesk manner . . . as the Ancients used." The Rousham example, painted on canvas, is similar in design to that at Kensington: a white ground decorated with arabesques is divided by diagonal bands, in this case red with coloured arabesques on them, centring in a medallion. At Kensington this is a roundel; here it is an oval, relatively larger and filled by a figure composition of Venus and Bacchus (Fig. 6), in which Kent's notorious weakness in depicting the human form is, though obvious, less distressing on this small scale (the oval is about 6 ft. long) than in his larger compositions.

Another feature not found in the earlier Kensington ceiling is the two miniature landscapes (Fig. 6a). These are interesting as the only known landscapes in oils by Kent. He introduced landscapes into many of his illustrations to Gay's *Fables* (1726), but one would suppose, in view of his reputation both as a painter and landscape designer, that there would be other paintings by him. If there were, his responsibility for them has been forgotten. These little vignettes are much what one would expect—romantically stylised scenes deriving from Poussin and Salvator Rosa.

5.—(Left) THE PARLOUR CHIMNEYPiece

6.—(Bottom Right) CENTRE MEDALLION OF THE PARLOUR CEILING, PAINTED BY KENT

6a.—(Bottom Left) LANDSCAPE VIGNETTE IN PARLOUR CEILING



The clear and harmonious colouring of the ceiling is not over-insistent, in spite of its lowness, nor is the decoration of the walls. These were formerly grained oak, as appears in the old photograph (Fig. 4) which was probably their original colouring. Latterly they have been painted Georgian green which, though lightening the room, is unrelated to the colours of the ceiling evidently chosen to contrast with brown woodwork as at Kensington.

An *Inventory of Household Goods at Rousham* at the death of General Dormer in 1742, includes: "In The New Parlour: 1 marble and 1 mahogany table, 12 chairs, 4 pictures, 22 bronze figures, 4 window curtains, 3 firescreens, 1 painted floor cloth." The pictures, versions of the classical Bolognese School admired by English Palladian connoisseurs, are believed to be those referred to, and the two tables illustrated (Figs. 7 and 8), if not the identical ones, were undoubtedly designed by Kent for the house.



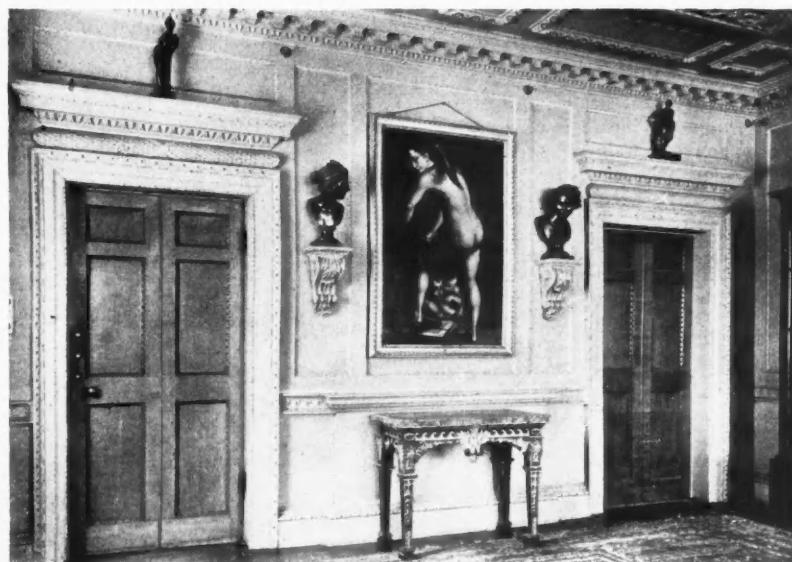
7.—WEST WALL OF THE PARLOUR

Letters from William White, in 1739-40, refer to the woodworkers employed on the decoration:

Johnson methinks has a good week's work still in the little room. The chimney piece and slab for it are preparing. Johnson, I dare say, has work enough for a month or six weeks to come, I shall, however, detain him till Marsden comes. . . . Johnson preparing wainscot for the little Library room. . . . Johnson is at last come to plaining off the floor of the little room. He despises the assistance of a country carpenter. John Moore sets out for London tomorrow.

It seems likely that these men are Thomas Johnson, carver and gilder, who published two books of girandoles, frames, etc., 1755-58, and whose work has been identified at that later period at Corsham and Hagley; and a son of James Moore (*d.* 1728), the specialist in gilt gesso furniture and partner of John Gumley, employed by Kent for the furniture of the Cupola Room at Kensington, 1723-5 (see Edwards and Jourdain, *Georgian Cabinet-Makers*). The mention of Johnson, who was clearly a London carpenter, in connection with the chimneypiece of the "Little Room" may identify him as the maker of the overmantel (Fig. 5) where the fantastic eagles have an affinity to the dolphins and other creatures characteristic of his later work.

(To be continued)



8.—NORTH WALL OF THE PARLOUR



9.—PART OF THE CEILING OF THE PARLOUR, BY KENT



10.—DETAIL OF PARLOUR CEILING, SOUTH END

# SPORTING PICTURES AT WESTON PARK

By GUY PAGET



1.—MORLAND. *AN AWKWARD JUMP.* 10 ins. x 8 ins.



2.—MORLAND. *THE DEATH.* 10 ins. x 8 ins.

**T**HIS collection of sporting pictures at Weston owes its origin to Orlando George Bridgeman, Viscount Newport and the 3rd Earl of Bradford, who married in 1844 Selina Forester, daughter of Lord Forester, whose wife was formerly Lady Katharine Manners. He was born in 1819, succeeded his father in 1865, became Lord Chamberlain the next year and was Master of the Horse in 1874 and 1875.

As Lord Newport, he hunted for years from Melton, where his house, Newport Lodge, still bears his name. His father-in-law was master of the Belvoir during the minority of the Duke of Rutland. He won the Derby with Sir Hugh in 1892. It was hunting that shaped his life. He was attracted to Melton by his neighbour, Lord Forester, and so to Belvoir where he met Disraeli, who not only appointed him a high officer of State, but became his and Lady Bradford's intimate friend. It will be remembered that it was at Belvoir—Beaumanor in his novel *Coningsby*—that Dizzy was entered to hounds.

What makes this collection so interesting is not its size or variety. It is the fact that it is not a conscious collection but a group of pictures chosen by a man of taste and knowledge for the decoration of the rooms he lived in, to remind him amid the cares of State of the joys of his youth.

The outstanding gems are five George Morlands, 10 ins. by 8 ins. Their date is about 1795, during the time that Morland had found

at Enderby an earth safe from his creditors. The landscapes are typical of Charnwood Forest, and the designs, even the pose of some of the figures, clearly show the influence of his host, Squire Lorraine Smith. The white horse and the two hounds in the foreground of *The Death* (Fig. 2) might have come out of the Squire's *Victory of the Brush* and *Bagging the Fox*, a picture which, it is known, Morland very much touched up. The horses in several of the others

are very characteristic of the Squire. Though the painting is thin, the effect of light is brilliant and reminiscent of Ben Marshall; in fact, I thought at first sight they were by him.

In contrast to these little masterpieces there is an elder John Ferneley of Hyde Park Corner (Fig. 4). It was painted, I believe, for Lord Edward Thynne in 1833, at the cost of £63, a very high price for that artist, who charged £10 for a single horse. The whole thing is brilliant and



3.—CLAUDE FERNELEY. *BELVOIR HOUNDS IN BUCKMINSTER PARK.* Left to right: G. Shepherd, whip; Cooper, huntsman; Lord Wilton; Lord Bradford; Col. Gilmour; Col. Forester; Lady Gre de Wilton; Rev. W. Newcombe. 47 ins. x 23½ ins

4.—JOHN FERNELEY SENIOR. *LORD EDWARD THYNNE'S CAB AND HACKS AT HYDE PARK CORNER,* 1833. 84 ins. x 49 ins.



sets Ferneley far above the humble claim on his to abode—Animal Painter. This is indeed a picture worthy of the National Gallery or London Museum. In another (Fig. 5), by the same hand, of a stable interior, dating from his final period when aged 70, the horse on the right is more polished than those in the Park. One feels that Landseer, then at his zenith, was exerting an influence on the old man.

The next picture we have to consider is a Hunt Scurry attributed to John Ferneley, Senior, who died in 1860, aged 78. In my opinion, it is in pictures of this description that the elder Ferneley's supreme genius comes out. The general design is perfect, his colouring is harmonious, his figures natural. Added to this, his portraiture is excellent. From a boy, he hit off the little peculiar



5.—FERNELEY THE ELDER. STABLES AT NEWPORT LODGE, MELTON MOWBRAY, 1852. 65 ins. x 44 ins.  
(right) 6.—LACRETELLE. BUCKINGHAM PALACE STABLES, 1876. A royal black and Hanoverian cream. 28 ins. x 36 ins.

ties of each rider, and his landscapes are easily recognisable by those who know the country well.

his Belvoir Hunt Scurry is easy to date by the people portrayed in it. Cooper became hunt man in 1858, and Lord Grey de Wilton married in the same year. Ferneley carried out only one order after 1859, and died on his return from that commission.

But I am not sure that it is by John Ferneley Senior. The last Scurry I can find in his account books was painted in February, 1851, for Mr. Atkinson. There is a stiffness about this picture that is not his. Colonel Gilmour was long in the back, but not as long as this. We have many pictures of him by the elder Ferneley.

The old man may have begun the picture and left Claude Lorraine, his youngest son, to finish it. J.F. himself would surely have shown someone pulling up his horse! Of course, I may be wrong. All I am sure about is that it is by one of the three Ferneleys and a picture I would very much like to own.

A companion picture to Ferneley's stable is Lacretelle's study in black and white, a royal black and a Hanoverian cream in the Buckingham Palace stables (Fig. 6). Not only is it a magnificent piece of painting, but it confirms the late King's good taste in getting rid of those common German brutes and replacing them by Cleveland bays. The double light is very skilfully handled, as is the foreshortening.

Another picture of great merit is of the Master of the Horse's State Coach, by Charles Lutyens, the father of the late P.R.A., illustrated in my article on Lutyens (COUNTRY LIFE, June 22, 1945). The whole scene in the Palace yard is reminiscent of a great Dutch master or Hogarth.

There is no need to wonder why we find Pollard's Derby of 1828 (Fig. 7) at Weston, for Lord Bradford was old enough to remember the excitement in all Salopia when Lady Forester's brother won this race with Cadland, named after the estate of his daughter's husband, Andrew Drummond. Most people would challenge this picture as the Derby, because only two horses are seen finishing, but it is quite correct since it represents the run-off of the dead heat with the Colonel. James Pollard does not get the life into his crowds that Marshall contrived, but the horses are certainly all out and the jockeys are riding hard. The artist has put an immense amount of work into his detail. It is interesting to compare this picture with the Derby of 1853 by the other great illustrator of the day, Henry Alken (Fig. 8).

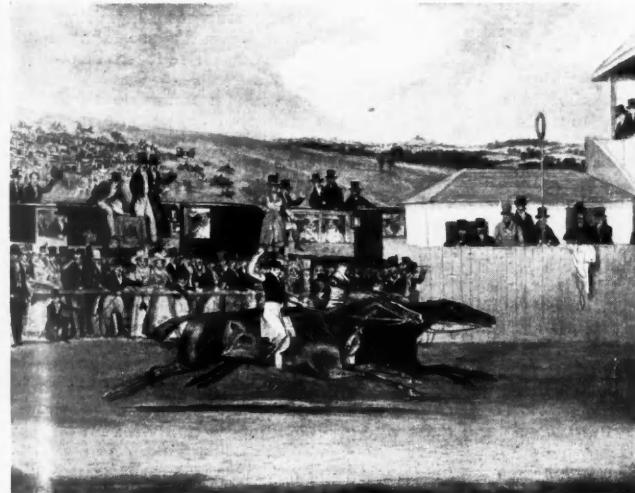
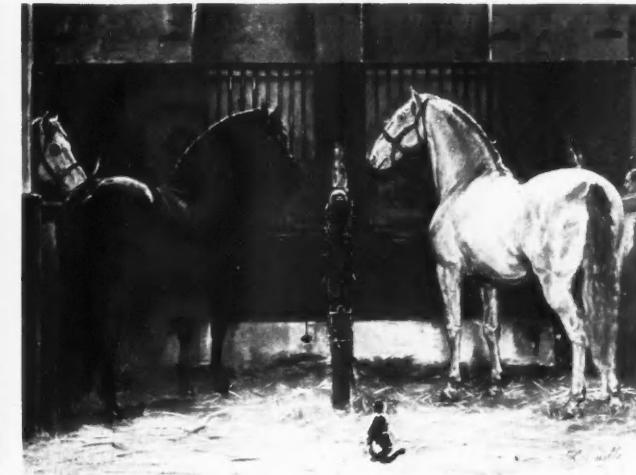
Here we have four horses finishing almost in line, the great West Australian winning with his ears pricked almost. The middle of the last century was an era of great gamblers on the Turf, like John Gulley, the prize-fighter M.P., Riddlesworth, his partner in crime, whom he publicly horse-whipped, George Osbaldeston

and George Payne. The stewards got to know that West Australian was not to win and informed the owner that if he did not, they would have the jockey changed and the race re-run. Whether they could have carried out this threat I cannot say.

Compare the crowds in these two pictures. It will be observed in the Alken how many more ladies are present and how much denser the crowd is, and how much more enthusiastic in 1853 than in 1828. The little stand has put on a storey and the hill is covered with tents for the people in place of the equipages of the nobility.

The crowd in this picture is alive; each figure has an individuality. But it must be remembered that Henry Alken started as a miniature painter and is at his best in pictures of this size. It is curious how signatures and size affect the price of pictures. Put up an 80 inch by 60 inch signed picture of very poor quality and it will fetch six or seven times per square inch the price fetched by a small unsigned gem by the same man.

Lord Bradford was the exception. He went in for quality, whether big or small, and, if I am correct that it was he who got together these and many more pictures at Weston, his descendants and their friends owe him a great debt, for it is a real pleasure to see jewels in a perfect setting even if the particular gems are not your favourite stones.



7.—JAMES POLLARD. THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S CADLAND BEATING THE COLONEL IN THE RUN OFF OF THE DERBY, 1828. 17 ins. x 13 ins. (Right) 8.—HENRY ALKEN, SEN. WEST AUSTRALIAN WINNING THE DERBY OF 1853. 14 ins. x 10 ins.

# SALMON ON A 9 ft. GREENHEART

By J. C. HARRISON

**T**HE following is an account of an experience which I had when fishing on the Helmsdale in Sutherlandshire during September, 1944. The river was low and no salmon had been caught; sea-trout were not bothered about. My host asked me if I would like to fish the river and, being a very keen trout fisherman, I told him that I was most anxious to try for the sea-trout.

There had been some rain, and the river had risen slightly, but the water was quite clear. I set out in the morning with a 9 ft. greenheart rod, also a gaff in case I struck a salmon. I started fishing at the top of the beat. I put on a trout cast tapered to 3x, or nearer 2x, as the last strand of gut had gone, and fished wet fly down stream with a Wickham's Fancy about lake-trout size. I had no luck till I got to the head of a long pool; by then the fish had begun to rise. I soon caught my first sea-trout; in fact I caught twelve in this spot during the next two hours, four or five of them being each over 2 lb.

A salmon was breaking the surface in the pool above, and feeling that I would like a change I decided to try for him. I went up, and casting across and up stream of his rise, I drew the fly over him. He followed it but did not take. I tried him again and the same thing happened. The third cast I tried checking

the fly as he followed it, and this time he took it. I think that for a few seconds he did not know he was hooked, as there was no movement from him; it was rather like being fast in a snag.

Suddenly he came to life, dashed across the pool and cleared the water, jumping so high that I thought he must land on the opposite bank. Judging by his size I was sceptical about landing him on such light tackle, for I was using the same as for the sea-trout. Then followed one of the most exciting hours I think I ever had in all my 34 years' fishing experience, both here and abroad. This fish tried every dodge to break away. The pool, which was not a big one, was in a turmoil as he jumped and torpedoed across it. He sulked at times, but I kept him moving by throwing in rocks, or by tapping the rod above the reel, which he did not like at all.

The tail-end of the pool was shallow and the only hope that I could see was to get him there so that I could gaff him, which meant tiring him out. I kept downstream of him, keeping as tight a line as I dared, so that he got the force of the current and the strain of the line. This procedure gradually exhausted him and I slowly worked him down to the shallows. When he was half submerged I waded in and gaffed him. He was a cock fish of 16½ lb.

I believe that few fish run up the river after June, so this one had been up some months, but his fighting powers had not diminished.

After this I went back to where I had caught the sea-trout and again at about my third cast I was into another salmon. This pool had steep banks and was fairly deep. I did not quite see how I was going to get him out, especially as I discovered that I had left my gaff behind at the other pool. This fish was also full of fight and fortunately did not sulk much.

I could see no shallow water from which to beach him, so decided to work him downstream till I found a place. Towards the tail end of the pool was one spot where the bank gradually sloped into the water and where there was a small area of shallow water with a sandy bottom. I thought that if I could tire him sufficiently I might be able to get him on to this ledge and haul him out by hand. After a hard tussle lasting some time I managed to get him where I wanted him and he lay on his side completely done. With my free hand I lifted him on to the bank by the gills. He was another cock fish, of 14 lb.

The sketches were done of the first salmon, after I had landed him, while the attitudes were fresh in my mind.

## GOODWILL IN SHOOT MANAGEMENT

**H**OW often has it been said that good shooting is the natural sequence of good keeping. How often is it forgotten that Divine powers are not vested in the best of keepers. Six months' hard labour may be wasted in a day when gapes clears a rearing field of pheasants and midsummer storms sweep baby partridges away in a flood. Such disasters are as incapable of prevision as they are of remedy, yet the average keeper takes them in his stride and, to do him justice, usually manages to get back on the swings some of his losses on the roundabouts.

Good keeping alone cannot make a shoot, however. That dual control is bad I will grant as readily as that, so long as he knows his job, there should be no interference with a keeper in his own sphere. None the less, there are certain duties, often enough left to him, which are definitely his employer's business.

Farmers like to deal with principals. It is not fair to expose a keeper to possibly acrimonious relations with those from whom he will have to select beaters later on. In law one's sporting rights may be undeniable, but without the goodwill of one's neighbours the law is not much use. I am quite sure that those who consult their tenant farmers on points at

which sporting and agricultural interests may conflict improve their prospects cent per cent.

Besides, a real head of any shoot will always get the best work out of his subordinates. I often think how disheartening it must be for keepers to work under anyone who takes no interest in how their manifold jobs are done so long as there is plenty to show for it. After all, one asks a good deal of a keeper—specialised ability, industry and sobriety, tact and even temper in all circumstances. He will work in summer sixteen hours out of the twenty-four. He has no time to be ill. He must be impervious to weather, and no one ever expects him to feel tired or to be irritable. It is just as well to remember these things.

Between the management of private shoots and that of shoots run by syndicates there is obviously one fundamental difference. The man who runs his own show need consider no one but himself. He fixes his own limit to breeding stocks and bags; he adjusts his shooting fixtures to his own convenience. Compatibly with showing his guests the best sport possible, his outlook is tempered with a certain caution, for he always shoots with one eye on the future. He knows very well the fatality and futility of those back end extra days on

which, to beat last year's record, pairing partridges and hen pheasants are shot until breeding stocks have been reduced below the safety margin.

The man who runs a syndicate also bears these things in mind, but he, poor devil, has to reconcile a good half-dozen points of view. Men join syndicates to get a maximum of sport—those, for instance, who can spare only week-ends from business and who have neither the time nor the inclination to be bothered with details of finance or management. If agreements provide for, say, two big days a fortnight, with odd by-days throughout the season, these agreements must be honoured, though stock be reduced to vanishing point.

I grant that most men, leasing for a term of years, will realise that they cannot eat their cake and have it. There are not a few, however, who gamble light-heartedly on "futures." They shoot too close, banking on a better breeding season next year. This may come off, but it will not continue to do so. If stocks are continuously reduced year after year so that the fortnightly beano may be enjoyed regularly, there will be a heavy reckoning in the long run. If these tactics are pursued at the will of the majority, it is no use cursing the



By J. B. DROUGHT

managing gun who, one fine day, is unable to deliver the goods.

The owner of the humblest shoot, even though he work on it day in and day out in the close season, knows how extraordinarily difficult it is to decide, a longish way ahead, on the amount of hammering that it will stand in any given season. One of the most difficult tasks that, to my mind, devolves on the team manager is that of deciding in relation to the season and the stock, not only when shooting shall begin, but also the limit of fixtures to which it is safe to go. In general, one is rather tempted to suggest that, outwardly at least, a slight leaning towards the pessimistic is not a bad attribute for a syndicate manager. If things turn out better than his forecast he will acquire kudos as a man of parts; if they do not, he will at least be free from the accusation of misleading anyone.

To run a shoot, a man should possess a useful practical knowledge of the habits and haunts of game, of vermin trapping, and of the methods and working costs of artificial rearing. It is very easy to wink an indulgent eye at food bills but nowhere is it easier than in the rearing fields to waste money. The necessity for feeding baby pheasants with different concoctions several times a day, at the keeper's busiest time of year, leads very often to an over-lavish mixing to save time. Much of the food goes sour; much is trodden into the ground;

and every time this happens a few shillings, which in a month or two add up to several pounds, go west. So, while the spadework in the nesting season is the keeper's business, it is the manager's job to restrict activities if he thinks fit. He must exercise a general and, if possible, a daily, supervision and, above all, he must not outrun the constable.

There is one point of outstanding importance. When syndicates do not achieve popularity it is very often due to the fact that local farmers and other more-or-less influential worthies receive no recognition. The gift of a brace of birds to congenial tenants, or of an odd rabbit to well-disposed farm-hands, is the unwritten law of the average private shoot. These courtesies are frequently overlooked in syndicate affairs, not so much from any disinclination to extend them as because there is some confusion as to whose job it is. This may seem a point of trivial detail, but it is not. There is a rather natural tendency among countryfolk to regard syndicates in the abstract as commercially-minded, rather soul-less, undertakings. The more the personal element can be emphasised in all dealings, the better for sport.

I would not suggest for a moment that on any shoot a cast-iron policy is either desirable or possible. Every sensible man is open to suggestion, but the team-manager is the executive authority and criticism should be tactful as well as constructive. Keepers and beaters are

very quick to note ill-feeling among the guns. In none of his manifold duties can a keeper give his best if he feels that his advice to his immediate superior is likely to be overridden and that he himself is liable to reprimand by half-a-dozen masters. If he loses heart, he also fails to get the best work out of his subordinates, and a general impression quickly spreads among all ranks that they may just as well skimp the job as do it thoroughly.

So too, in the shooting season. The keeper's job is to manage beaters and to show his birds to the best advantage—not to issue executive orders to the guns. Of course, master and man will plan carefully together the day's strategy beforehand, but it is essentially the former's job to draw for places, to see that those guns which are out of luck at one stand shall be better placed at the next, and to alter beats at his own discretion.

Moreover, he has a duty to those who contribute to the day's sport. The local worthies cast a more friendly eye and beat a better beat for the man who goes in person to see that they have a substantial meal and a drop of something comforting at the end of a long and tiring day. The labourer—in sport anyhow—is worthy of a trifle more than his hire, and it is the personal touch and the pleasant word in and out of season which goes more than half-way to preserve the amenities of country life.

## THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

FIVE days of continuous watching at Mid-Surrey (not such mobile watching as I could wish) seem in retrospect like a slice of eternity. I feel as if I had been hobbling after embryo champions ever since I was a little boy, and the first day on which I went out to see the infant phenomenon, Perowne, against Pennink has become part of a dim and distant past. I will do my best, although somewhat late for the fair, to say something of a few of the matches and players, but first of all the questions that those who were not there will want answered was as to the general standard of the play: how did it compare with that before the war? Well, I don't think it was by any means as good as it used to be or as it soon will be once more. It would be surprising if it had been. As one official of the English Union said to me afterwards, "We should be hard put to it to choose an England side now," and I entirely agreed. Had some of the older players definitely fallen off or were they simply out of practice? How good were the younger or less well-known ones who got through? I just do not know and I doubt if anyone else knows until he has seen more.

\* \* \*

As far as I could judge the driving was, generally speaking, good, nor was there much amiss with the longer shots to the green. It was in the immediate neighbourhood of the green and in the putting itself that there were such lapses from grace. The onlooker who has not got to do it himself must always be wary of criticism as to short putts, but I really do not think that (save, perhaps, at St. Annes the other day where the greens were admittedly fiendish) I ever saw so many short putts missed in all my life. The Mid-Surrey greens were not quite so beautiful as they used to be, though no doubt they soon will be; but they did not justify such an orgy of "jitters" as three feet from the hole. Time and again we saw putts missed so pathetically short that, in the words of Mr. Stiggins, they "made a vessel's heart bleed." The most harrowing of all was that of the luckless Pattinson who, having a two-foot putt to beat Patey and reach the final, did not reach the hole and was inches short. But there were others. Patey himself is, I am sure, an excellent putter. He has a sound method that inspires confidence, and at the middle-length putts he was excellent, but he had a terrible attack of short-puttitis in the final. Young Tommy Morris used to say of Old Tom, "Gin

the hole was aye a yaird nearer till him, my fawther wad be a gude putter," and as regards Patey the converse was almost true; if the hole had only been a yard farther from him he would have holed a good many putts. I was full of admiration for the way in which he went calmly on and refused to be disturbed by those tragical misses that might have cost him so dearly.

When everybody is rather shaken and shattered, that quality of pegging away, of doing the best he can even if it be not the best possible, and of letting the other fellow beat himself, stands a player in very good stead, and Patey thoroughly deserves his championship because more consistently than anyone else there he played his game. It is not a game of any great power, but it is accurate and, if I may so describe it, sensible; he may, like anyone else, make occasional bad shots but he does not make silly or uninformed ones; in short he plays like a golfer and one who has learned his golf in a good school. In these days when we talk and write so much about big hitting, it is probably very salutary that victory should go to a man who cannot and does not try to "hit the cover off the ball." I was thoroughly glad to see him win.

\* \* \*

His adversary in the final, Kenneth Thom, is potentially a more formidable player. He is big and strong, has a very fine, big swing and hits the ball a long way. If he intends, as I am told he does, to make golf his profession, he will doubtless consolidate his game in its weaker spots and become very good. At present I do not think his putting method is sound. It is neither fish nor fowl; he does not seem to have made up his mind whether to putt with a free wrist or a firm one and so falls between those two stools. In the final, moreover, he was very erratic in his chips and runs-up from just off the green, but that may have been a merely temporary weakness. Anyhow, the golf is there and ought to come out.

The disappointment of the meeting was P. B. Lucas, a sad disappointment because he was, in the general opinion, the best golfer in the field, and after getting out of several awkward hobbles with the greatest resolution, unexpectedly fell to pieces in his match against Thom in the last eight. The old demon of crooked driving attacked him just when he seemed set for victory. He had been driving admirably straight—he is always long—and was three up at the fifth hole with his adversary

pallably shaken. Clearly this was the moment, and nobody realised this more fully than he did, to keep the ball in play. Instead he hit a couple of wild tee shots which gave Thom time to recover himself and get a couple of vital holes back. And then Lucas's putting deserted him and all went ill. These horrid things will happen and this was particularly agonising.

Pattinson, a much improved player since his Cambridge days, Harman, the gallant signalman from New Highwood, and Hayward, comparatively venerable and a very good putter, were among "the illustrious obscure" who earned much credit. So did Perowne, who gave Pennink such a hard run for thirteen holes in the first round and then suddenly broke down. I am not sure whether he is seventeen or sixteen, but he is certainly very young and he is full of promise, with a good swing and, which the young have not always got, great control over his iron shots. He, like Thom, intends, I believe, to be a professional and he ought to have a future before him.

\* \* \*

Cyril Gray, now over fifty, was the hope of Mid-Surrey and was playing quite well enough to win. He was, I think, in effect beaten by Henry Longhurst in the best match that I saw throughout the tournament. He won that match after being two down with three to play, but had not quite enough left in him for another struggle against Patey after lunch. I was reminded of a scene from Sandwich in the Amateur Championship of 1904. Horace Hutchinson beat Robert Maxwell at the nineteenth after a glorious battle in the morning, but had no reserves left when he had to meet Walter Travis in the afternoon. Then said Andrew Kirkaldy to Horace, pointing at Maxwell, "Yon's your murderer." There comes a time of life when one round a day is easier to play than two.

Finally let me make my respectful compliments to the English Union and to the Royal Mid-Surrey Club. Everything seemed to go smoothly, and on greased wheels. The course was very good and if, as I said, the greens were not quite as perfect as in older days, there was no earthly need of any apologies for them. The members of the Club spent themselves unselfishly in flag-wagging and umpiring and so on, and J. H., as a fitting end to his 47 years of good service, refereed the final with dignity and swift decision. Altogether five very pleasant, friendly days!

# CORRESPONDENCE

## ENGINEERS IN INDIA

SIR.—I was greatly interested in the article on Georgian architecture in Penang which appeared in a recent issue. I wonder if the author or any of your readers could tell me whether the "Capt. R. Smith of the Royal Engineers," the architect of the church at George Town, is to be identified with the Major Robert Smith, also of the Royal Engineers, who built St. James's Church at Delhi and the Kashmir Gate of that city.

St. James's Church, begun in 1826 and completed ten years later, was commissioned by the adventurer Colonel James Skinner (of "Skinner's Horse") in fulfilment of a vow made when lying gravely wounded on the field of battle. The church is extremely handsome, the plan a combination of octagon and cross, with pillared portico at the end of three limbs of the cross. The central dome was the target of the rebels during the Mutiny, when many Europeans took refuge in the church. According to Hearn's *The Seven Cities of Delhi*, one Captain de Bude completed the building, which Major Smith had carried up as far as the cornice of the entablature.

In 1825 Major Smith repaired and restored two remarkable buildings within the ruined city of Lalkot, or Old Delhi : the Qutb Minar, the magnificent tower of red sandstone begun in 1199 by the General Qutb-ud-din Aibek, and carried higher by Firoz Shah Tughlaq; and the Alai Darwaza, or Gate of Ala-ud-din. The Minar had been seriously damaged in two earthquakes, and Smith's structural work was highly commendable; but some of his "restorations" of decorative features incurred the criticism of Ferguson and others, and the "chhatri" or cupola in Bengali style with which he crowned the Minar was deposed in 1848 at the instance of Lord Hardinge.

One would like to know more of these versatile engineers; of Captain George Hutchinson, who designed the handsome Church of St. John at Meerut (1819-22); and of Major de Havilland, architect of St. George's Cathedral, Madras (1814-15), and of St. Andrew's Scots Kirk, Madras (1818-21), styled "the noblest Christian edifice in Hindooostan."—D. C. YOUNG (STAFF-SGT.), Royal Signals, India Command.

## SHOEING A BULLOCK

SIR.—In India, where bullocks to a large extent take the place of horses for all draught work, they have to be shod. The methods of an Indian smith are somewhat different from ours. The animal is thrown and trussed-up to a stake at the roadside, in preparation for the operation. My picture was taken at Bangalore, where at 3,000 feet elevation green fodder is available, and cattle do well. On the plains they are considerably less well fed than those shown here.—DOUGLAS DICKINS, 19, Lambolle Road, Hampstead, N.W.3.

## A SOUND ARCHITECTURE

SIR.—I have just read Mr. Higton Griffiths's letter in your issue of May 3 under the title of *The Case Against Traditionalism*. It certainly caused me some amusement, coupled with a sense of regret, as he kindly mentions that under my tuition at the Architectural Association School he "learned a lot."

This School at that time (the early 'thirties) was to my mind indulging in the attitude ably portrayed by Mr. Noel Coward in his early plays, *The Vortex* and others, which so clearly painted the picture of a type of society after the last war. This was a reaction which was only to be expected from war but was largely gauche, brittle, and lacking manners

to say the least of it. It has passed to a large extent already.

There is much in Mr. Higton Griffiths's letter which to my mind is true. I do not think, however, that anybody could truthfully say that Mr. Christopher Hussey or I have been the protagonist of "Tea Shoppes," "Anne's Pantries," "Weaveries," "Gueste Homes" and the like, or even Welwyn Garden City. This last, however, has undoubtedly proved the inspiration for some of the better London County Council and other Council Housing Schemes, which are generally accepted as a sincere effort to meet the problem.

I rather feel that while Mr. Higton Griffiths, as he said, "learned a lot" at the Architectural Association in the early 1930s, he did not learn enough. He says truly that he finds English architecture virile and inspiring up to 1840. We must not forget, however, that this architecture was largely a Renaissance of the classical manner of many centuries before and that this culture, while not being slavishly copied, had been revitalised and developed to contemporary needs. It is rather this attitude (which Mr. Higton Griffiths tends to support) that I plead for.



A ROADSIDE SCENE AT BANGALORE

See letter: Shoeing a Bullock

In any case the main purport of my letter was a plea that in our rebuilding in this country the need for care and time thoroughly to study these problems should be given to people of proven ability, and not to adolescent experimentalism which, after all, must surely serve its proper time of apprenticeship and go through its growing pains. I fully realise that experiments are essential to healthy growth in any age. Architecture, however, owing to its permanence and its dominance of environment, surely demands somewhat reticent handling and is the art in which one cannot afford to indulge in a fashion and medium largely unproven.

As Sir Joshua Reynolds said, "Taste does not come by chance of Nature; it is a long and laborious business to acquire it." To quote C. E. M. Joad in his book *About Education*: "Aristotle insists that the virtues of character must precede those of intellect. The former can be produced by training, the latter may be expected to develop spontaneously as a result of the practice of the former."

"The aim of education is to make the pupil like and desire what he ought. If it is successful, he will end by choosing for himself what he begins by doing in obedience to the authority of others."

A tremendous opportunity now

exists in this country to make it something really fine for posterity. I fear, however, that the need for speed in building and the handing over of the schemes in many cases to the already overburdened local authority, borough surveyor and to Government departments, may result in neither sound design and construction, nor the individual quality of mind which will provide lovely building possessing personality, light and shade, a sense of reticence and neighbourliness and order, without being mass produced. This is the essential "quality" (if Mr. Higton Griffiths objects to the word, "morality," which he obviously has interpreted in its more banal sense) of this country.

I do not wish to see Queen Anne applied to our modern factories nor to see our fine traditions senselessly smashed up in an orgy of pugnacious flaming youth. I am quite open-minded as to the manner in which we may rebuild our country as long as it is a sincere step forward, and not the product of gauche minds indulging in self advertisement at the expense of the community. Incidentally, too, it should not use cheap gibes to defend itself which are not relevant.

Mr. Higton Griffiths writes from

The numerous examples known in this country all bear an English hall-mark, yet absinthe was a liquor little in demand during the mite skimmer period. Somewhat similar spoons were used by absinthe drinkers, but these were shorter in the handle and the pointed finial essential to the mite skimmer was replaced by something more decorative. The reply did not imply that the holes in the bowl of the mite skimmer collected the floating tea dust. This would gather on the silver surface of the skimmer as the liquid drained through the perforations."

Another correspondent informs us that she possesses two spoons of the pattern illustrated, 5½ inches long, dated 1745, with the London mark and the maker's initials R.P.—ED.]

## "LET IT BE DEEP"

SIR.—After reading the entertaining epitaphs in the article *Let It Be Deep* in COUNTRY LIFE, I cannot resist sending you two more. The first one I heard of from Bishop Hensley Henson a good many years ago, when he was staying near here and had just seen it in a Worcestershire churchyard:—

*Here lies the body of Sarah Anne,  
Who went to the bosom of Abraham.  
That was very jolly for Sarah Anne,  
Perhaps not so jolly for Abraham.*

The second comes, I think, from Scotland:—

*There was a man whose name was Knott  
His father was Knott before him  
He died Knott and did Knott live  
Yet underneath this stone doth lie  
Knott begot Knott buried*

*And here he lies and yet was Knott.*  
—P. EMRYS EVANS, Peatswood, Market Drayton, Shropshire.

## MUSICIANS OF YORK

SIR.—The article *Let It Be Deep* in your issue of April 19 suggests that David Wall's performance on the bassoon might not have been acceptable in the heavenly orchestra. This could not be said of John Wrynn, buried in York Minster, who was "so well skilled in the arts of music that he made even the organs speak," or of Kirby: "An excellent chanter and incomparable organist. He sung extraordinary songs in charming tunes. He was the boast, glory, and honour of this church. Great were his probity, wisdom and virtue, and his understanding, morality and genius remarkable."—J. B. MORRELL, Burton Croft, York.

## FISHING WITH A HOOP NET

SIR.—With reference to the letter *An Extraordinary Method of Fishing* (April 26), it may interest you to know that this type of fishing has been very popular in Lowestoft Harbour during the last year or two, with, I believe, quite good results. I do not remember seeing these nets earlier, and they were probably introduced owing to the impossibility of fishing at sea because of mines.—SELWYN W. HUMPHREY, Seaview, Oulton Broad, Lowestoft, Suffolk.

## MONTAGU'S HARRIER

SIR.—Not since I saw a Camberwell beauty in Buckinghamshire in August, 1943 (about which you published a letter of mine) have I been so thrilled as I am to find that the mysterious bird my young son and I saw this evening while we were walking through a field near the River Medway between Penshurst and Fordcombe is a Montagu's harrier. We were about 250 yards away from it, and I thought at first it was a heron, as the flight seemed similar, but I soon realised it was not and that it was unlike any other bird I have ever seen, out of a cage.

The top of its wings were greyish, its under-parts very light—they looked white with the sun on them; and, as we watched, it turned, gave a plaintive

America. A fine virile place to be in. Its vitality gives him, as he says, "just one big bang." We have certainly a lot to learn from America. And the more thoughtful elements there realise that there are just a few things that can be learned from the somewhat quieter elements here.—GUY MORGAN, F.R.I.B.A., Lower House Farm, Fernhurst, Haslemere, Surrey.

## A MOTE SKIMMER

SIR.—I was interested to see on page 576 of your issue of March 29 an illustration of a spoon described as a mote skimmer.

I possess three similar spoons, one identical to the illustration, with 18th-century silver marks. Without wishing to doubt your expert, I was under the impression that they were absinthe spoons: the sugar to be placed in the spoon and the absinthe poured through sugar and spoon to the glass. The holes in my spoons—and the one illustrated—are much too large to collect "dust" as stated in your text.

Would your expert be good enough to look into this possible alternate use for the spoons?—N. H. DICKSON, London, W.1.

[Our expert writes in reply: "There is no doubt that these articles of domestic silver were used as mote skimmers in both England and France.



FORT WILLIAM, ANAMABU



ON THE BATTLEMENTS, CAPE COAST CASTLE

little y, and began to soar upwards yards, until I had to lie flat on to keep it well in view. Later down to its original height and away. I am sure many of flapp your readers will be interested to hear —FLORENCE HARDING, c/o Campbell, Fordcombe Manor, near Lady Tunbridge Wells, Kent.

The Montagu's harrier winters abroad our birds returning to their breeding quarters in the spring. Although the female is a study in brown buffs and cream, the male is beautiful in pale seagull grey with light underparts. Our correspondent had evide the good fortune to catch a glimpse of a returning male on his way —ED.]

### A PICTURE IN STRAW MARQUETRY

SIR.—With reference to the letter from Mr. C. E. Freeman in your issue of April, *A Picture in Straw Marquetry*, I have identified this house as Ditchley Park, Oxfordshire, at one time the seat of Viscount Dillon, and now of Mr. Ronald Tree, by whose kind permission I photographed this estate in the summer of 1934.—SIDNEY H. MATTHEWS, 30, Southfield Road, Loughborough, Leicestershire.

[While the main block certainly answers to Ditchley, the wings do not tally exactly, a non-existent gable being shown, but perhaps it would be too much to expect such minute accuracy in the straw artist.—ED.]

### THE BOY'S GRAVE

SIR.—I enclose a photograph of a grave on the grass verge of the road between Newmarket and Kentford, and it caught my eye recently as it was decorated with gaily coloured flowers, which on investigation proved to be made of shredded and dyed wood, such as will occasionally be offered by gypsies.

My curiosity aroused, I made enquiries and find this grave is known as The Boy's Grave. A young sheep tender, about 100 years ago, found one sheep short when he counted his flock one night. He was so distressed that he hanged himself during the night. As a suicide, he was buried at the cross-roads. Since then the grave has never been without flowers (there are bulbs growing on it as well as the artificial flowers in jars) and has a rough cross of ash at the head, and hoops of ash round the top.

So much for fact. Legend adds that if there are dark coloured flowers on the grave on Derby day, a dark horse will win; if light, a light horse. An elastic enough portent, anyway.—E. M. BARRAUD, Little Eversden, Cambridgeshire.

### NEW RESIDENT BUTTERFLY

SIR.—Last year will be remembered by entomologists of this generation, and by the generations that follow them, as the greatest one ever known for certain of the rarer migrant butterflies, particularly the Bath Whites. It is well known by now among the enthusiasts

that literally hundreds of these Whites crossed the Channel in mid-July and landed all along our coastline from Thanet to Cornwall, coming in thickest between Looe and Fowey, where in less than an hour over two hundred were counted on a hillside, while the butterflies were feeding from wild flowers before continuing their journey. But what is not so generally known is that many of the females laid their eggs on hedge mustard and wild mignonette, and a second and third brood appeared in Southern England, the early ones in mid- to late August

of seeing Bath Whites this spring in many districts of our countryside. I enclose photographs of the upper and under side of this rare migrant that may well establish itself as a new resident species, if the weather conditions remain favourable at the time the butterflies emerge. It is undoubtedly going to be bred in captivity this spring in considerable numbers, and in my opinion this is a case where it would be justifiable to liberate insects, even though they are of Continental origin, as there is definite proof that they have survived the winter here in

for transportation to America are now inhabited by bats.

My photographs show Fort William at Anamabu and the old guns on the battlements of Cape Coast Castle. Fort St. George at Elmina, successively Portuguese, Dutch and English, and Fort St. Sebastian at Shama, are other examples. Fort St. Sebastian has a double moat and a drawbridge.—L. R., Accra, Gold Coast.

### KINDNESS IN ANIMALS

SIR.—Major A. G. Wade's letter on the subject of kindness in animals (April 12), quoting from a recent broadcast by a naturalist and the late Lord Baden-Powell's book, about the African elephant assisting a wounded companion from a danger zone, does not supply anything new in our knowledge of this grand beast's habits. There is nothing new in such a kindly action by elephants. It has been observed and recorded on a number of occasions in the past, and appears to be quite a common practice of the species.

Major G. H. ("Andy") Anderson, the famous hunter in Kenya, recently told me of just such an experience in Uganda within personal knowledge; the late Arthur H. Neumann, a famous elephant-hunter in his time, recorded a touching example witnessed by him in his book, *Elephant Hunting in East Equatorial and East Africa* (1910); my friend, the late Frank H. Melland, recorded a vivid story of a similar personal experience in Northern Rhodesia in his *Elephants in Africa* (COUNTRY LIFE, 1938); and a record of a similar personal experience will be found in my *Kill : or Be Killed* (1933). I can quote many other instances recorded in books of old-time hunters and mentioned to me by big game hunting friends or acquaintances.—W. ROBERT FORAN (Major).

### ECCENTRICITIES IN THE PRIMROSE

SIR.—I am interested in the frequent occurrence of abnormal flowers among primroses. I should like to make it clear that I do not refer to polyanthus formation, which is merely the elongation of a stalk which is already present, though very small, at the root. I refer to freak blooms having duplication of their various parts, and so forth. Why does this plant produce quantities of freaks every year?

The corolla is, of course, normally composed of five petals, which at the base unite to form a tube, and each petal has a slight cleft or notch. The following are some of the recent variations which I have seen:

1. A flower double in every part including a double fused stalk.

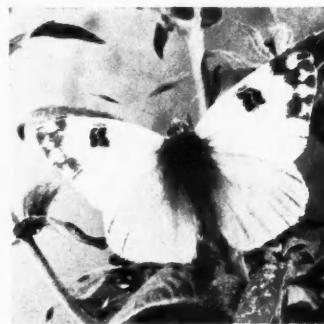
2. Having each petal thrice cleft.

3. A double-headed flower protruding from one calyx—that is, a normal calyx with two flowers in it.

4. The calyx slit down the side with the corolla growing out through the opening.

5. Six petals are common with the other parts normal in number.

7. A specimen with seven petals, the seventh being very small and growing on the inside of number six,



UPPER AND UNDER SIDE OF THE BATH WHITE



See letter: A New Resident Butterfly

and the later ones in early October. Collectors who caught wild females and bred the insects in captivity noticed that the life cycle was only thirty-five days from the egg to the emerging of the perfect butterfly, an amazingly rapid development.

In captivity there was only a partial second brood, as was probably the case in the wild state of Nature, too, and there are entomologists who have quite large numbers of chrysopidae which have remained in this stage all the winter. It is therefore quite possible that the same thing has happened in the West Country, if not in other parts of Southern England, and there is therefore a distinct possibility

captivity under conditions as near Nature as was possible in the circumstances.—L. HUGH NEWMAN, Bexley, Kent.

### IN THE DAYS OF THE SLAVE TRADE

SIR.—It is not generally known that there are still in existence to-day, and in many cases in excellent preservation, old forts and castles in the Gold Coast which go back to the "bad old days" of slave trade. In most instances they are now in use as post offices, rest houses, or Government offices, and the deep, dark and ill-ventilated slave rooms into which hundreds of slaves were herded waiting



BESIDE THE NEWMARKET ROAD

See letter: The Boy's Grave

which was not so large as the others. These two shared a double stamen; the other five stamens were normal but crowded together opposite the double one.

8. One example, extraordinarily malformed, divided into two parts, one half the flowers having enough organs for a normal-sized flower, the other half enough for a very tiny one, the result being lopsided.

I have noticed that all the examples that I have found during this spring were of the short-styled or "thrum-eyed" type. I should be interested to know if this is always so, and whether there is an explanation. If any of your readers find such freaks among the long-styled flowers, I should be glad to know.—BARBARA M. CARUS, St. John's, Buckfast, S. Devon.

#### BRAKE ADJUSTMENT

SIR.—With reference to the excellent advice given by your Motoring Correspondent in your issue of April 26 about maintenance work, I feel that perhaps his comments upon brake adjustment may mislead those of your readers who run cars with a certain type of Bendix brake.

I am informed that on the new type Hillman Minx, for instance, it is important that the correct technique should be followed, which is that each wheel should be jacked up and, with the brakes off, adjustment should be made until the shoes just rub on the drums. The adjustment should then be slackened off a couple of turns or so until the shoes are clear.

The car should then be tried on the road and any necessary alteration to correct tendency to "pull" either way should be made by slackening off the adjuster on the appropriate wheel and not by tightening up.

One other important point is that, when adjusting the rear brakes, the wheels should be turned "in reverse" as opposed to the front ones, which

should, of course, be turned forward. Failure to follow this advice led me into a great deal of trouble which your readers would be well advised to avoid.—RICHARD D. HUDSON, Hemel Hempstead, Hertfordshire.

[Our Motoring Correspondent writes: "The second paragraph of Mr. Hudson's letter describes correctly an accepted method of brake adjustment. The method I suggested will give the same practical results, with the beneficial addition of ensuring that optimum braking effort is achieved at the point most comfortable for the driver. I do not quite understand Mr. Hudson's reference to turning the rear wheels 'in reverse.' If the leading edges of the brake lining are correctly chamfered, braking in either direction should be similar."—Ed.]

#### THE CUCKOO AS A PARENT

SIR.—A few years since I read in COUNTRY LIFE some very interesting notes on the cuckoo. I think it may be of interest to recount my experience last year.

When visiting my allotment one morning at about 11 o'clock I was surprised by a cuckoo flying low over my head. I should say I was screened by a hedge. The next day at the same time and place the cuckoo again appeared. On looking around the adjoining premises I discovered a hedge-sparrow's nest in a small pile of hedge trimmings. In it was a young cuckoo fully fledged. Each day for the remainder of the week the parent-bird was around, although I did not see it actually visit the nest.

On the Sunday I found the nest empty but could not find the young bird.

The following Sunday I was passing a smallholding a quarter of a mile distant from the nest when I saw a young cuckoo very awkwardly fly over a hedge about 50 yds. from the road, and immediately afterwards the parent bird came from the same direction and passed overhead.

This to me proves the cuckoo to be more interested in the welfare of her young than I had previously thought.—A. J. GOODWIN, Cuckney, Mansfield, Nottinghamshire.

[The long-continued observations of expert ornithologists all go to show that the parent cuckoo takes no interest in its offspring. However, we have pleasure in publishing our correspondent's letter but must point out that the presence of the adult cuckoo first near the nest and later in the neighbourhood of the young one proves nothing, for it may have been accidental.]

#### IN LINCOLN CATHEDRAL

SIR.—I enclose a photograph showing a lovely detail of carving which decorates the exterior of Bishop Longland's Chantry at Lincoln Cathedral. Longland was Bishop from 1524 to 1547 and the shield bears his arms, which incorporate a falcon on the chevron and, above, a rose between two leopards' faces. The choicest feature of the decoration is, however, the bird perched on a branch and eating some berries, but I cannot find any reference to it in handbook or more serious study of the cathedral fabric. I should like to learn its significance. Can any reader help?

The stonework seems to be recent, suggesting a restoration, but the Chancellor assures me that the sharpness of outline is due to the hardness of the Lincoln stone. I understand that even eminent architects have been deceived into supposing this part of the fabric to have been retouched in modern times.—G. BERNARD WOOD, Rawdon, Leeds.

#### PLEACHED ALLEYS

SIR.—You have recently referred to the old practice of pleaching limes and other trees into arbours, alleys and screens, and have illustrated a pleached plane alley in the garden of Rackenford Manor, Devon, which suggests that much more use might be made of

this pleasant old way of treating trees, particularly in public gardens and streets in our towns. While I am in complete agreement with you that in England we do not do nearly enough in this way of training and shaping trees, there are a number of excellent examples—probably more than is usually realised. I send you a photograph of the so-called Birdcage Walk outside Clifton Parish Church, which in summer becomes a veritable green tunnel.—W. R. BRISTOL.

#### THE ROBIN AND THE WREN

SIR.—*The Robin and the Wren*  
Are God's cock and hen.

So runs an old rhyme. They are both well known to choose curious places for their nests, but I think it must be rare that they should both choose the same place. My photograph shows such a double nest. It is in a coil of iron wire which was hanging against an old coat in a wood shed. When the photograph was taken there were five eggs in the robin's nest, but it was not possible to show these and at the same time show the entrance of the wren's nest. The latter was still busy building and



BIRDCAVE WALK AT CLIFTON

See letter: *Pleached Alleys*

lated than it is to-day. He served a wide area; as well as making clocks, which admirably fulfilled the simple needs of a rural population, he wound the more ambitious clocks of the local gentry and was something of a farmer, too. But I have never found any evidence to support Mr. Symonds's contention that he was the local hardwareman as well.

The purpose of the iron "false dial" to which Mr. Symonds refers was not to enable the clockmaker to fit a mass-produced white dial to an unrelated movement, but to protect the enamel of the dial from chipping near the heads of the fixing-pillars. The weight of the dial was borne by these pillars, and clearly the shorter the pillar the less leverage there would be on the head. To fix the dial to the movement in two stages by use of the iron plate, enabled the length of the fixing-pillars to be halved.—N. V. DINSDALE (Rev.), Ingleton Vicarage, via Carnforth, Lancashire.

#### AN IDEAL LANDSCAPE

SIR.—I am most grateful for the trouble you have taken in connection with the picture attributed to Richard Wilson, illustrated under *Collectors' Questions* (April 26). But is there not something very inclusive in your suggestion that the picture was, in fact, the one exhibited by William Hodges, R.A., in 1772? I think that picture was described as a *View of a Greenhouse at Weston, seat of Sir Henry Bridgeman*. (I think that the description did refer to a Greenhouse and not a Greek house.)

No one who saw the description and photographs of the interior of the building in your number of November 23, 1945, could call this building a greenhouse; and the rest of the picture shows an Italian landscape with mountains in the background and ruins of a classical building in the foreground. A picture of a building, etc., so described should surely now (1) a greenhouse, (2) most certainly Weston Park.

One other point. There is no explanation of the urns shown by the artist above the balustrade. They do not exist on the present building. The artist must have had a lot of imagination if he invented these! It will be seen that, whoever painted the picture, this identification is open to considerable doubt.—B. L. B.

[We regret that "Greenhouse" appeared as "Greek house" through a misprint. In the eighteenth century greenhouses were often given an architectural character as temples and the like, and the word should not be interpreted in our modern sense of a glass shed.—Ed.]



A 16th-CENTURY CARVING ON BISHOP LONGLAND'S CHANTRY

See letter: *In Lincoln Cathedral*



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### NEW BOOKS

## TROLLOPE'S VIEW OF HIMSELF

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

ANTHONY TROLLOPE'S *An Autobiography*, which is published in a "Library Edition" by Williams and Norgate (8s. 6d.), could hardly have come at a better time. After long neglect, his novels, especially those dealing with "Barchester," regained their hold on the affection of the public; there was something of a Trollope "boom"; and now, as Mr. Charles Morgan says in a sensible introduction, his reputation is settling down. His true proportions begin to appear, and they are considerable. It is a good moment for looking at his own view of himself and his books.

He was, of course, in many ways

came abundantly. He notes with satisfaction that out of his 45 books and what he calls "sundries" he made £68,939 17s. 6d. "A modern author," says Mr. Morgan, "having made allowance for taxation and the increased cost of living, would have to earn roughly half a million pounds to enjoy an equivalent purchasing power," and there was also, of course, his income as a civil servant.

He records this good fortune with a pride that no doubt links up with the miseries of his youth. It was not so much the money that mattered as the sense of being a "somebody." He had for so long and so miserably been a nobody that a sense of difficulties

**AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.** By Anthony Trollope

(Williams and Norgate, 8s. 6d.)

**TOOTING CORNER.** By Eric Bligh

(Secker and Warburg, 15s.)

**THE WOLF AT THE DOOR.** By Michael Barsley

(Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.)

a peculiar author. No one before him or since (not even Arnold Bennett) ever reduced the pursuit of letters to such rigid and businesslike proportions. In the days when he was travelling much as a Post Office servant, he got through his day's writing in railway trains, and later, when he was settled down, he rose at cockcrow and had done with authorship before breakfast.

"It was my practice," he writes, "to be at my table every morning at 5.30 a.m.; and it was also my practice to allow myself no mercy. An old groom, whose business it was to call me, and to whom I paid £5 a year extra for the duty, allowed himself no mercy. During all those years at Waltham Cross he was never once late with the coffee which it was his duty to bring me."

What he doesn't tell us is at what time he went to bed. I was impressed, when reading recently about Maximilian of Mexico, to find that he was at his desk every morning at four; but not so impressed when I discovered that he always went to bed at 8 p.m.

#### TEN PAGES A DAY

To be at one's desk is one thing. Plenty of authors keep office hours, but Trollope went far beyond this. When he sat down, he would put his watch on the table and "require from myself 250 words every quarter of an hour. I have found that the 250 words have been forthcoming as regularly as my watch went." His day's stint was ten pages of a novel.

All this industry and organisation (though it was not so intense at the beginning) did not at once push Trollope to the front as an author. "During ten years of work," he says, "which I commenced with some aid from the fact that others of my family were in the same profession, I did not earn enough to buy me the pens, ink and paper which I was using." But when success came, it

conquered must have played a large part in his enjoyment of success. He speaks of the earnestness with which he had longed for the mere words "Anthony Trollope" to convey significance to those who heard them, and he had his desire.

#### CRAVING FOR LOVE

There is a lot, too, to be learned from this phrase: "I have long been aware of a certain weakness in my character, which I may call a craving for love." I'm not sure that this is a weakness; but be that as it may, it doubtless links with his unloved years, when he was an unkempt loutish child despised by his schoolfellows and surrounded at home by the ignominious atmosphere of a family struggling always to keep a footing in good society but being, for the most part, on the outside.

It is easy to imagine that Trollope in the hunting-field, in the Garrick Club, in the assemblies of men of letters, received everywhere as a friend and co-equal, thought often of the old days of his ignominy and felt a warmth for those precise and persistent habits of industry which lifted him out of despond.

He is seen in this most attractive and readable book as a man who says with a sturdy honesty the thing that he means. Writing, to him, was a way of keeping a home together, just as a barrister does when he goes to the Bar or a baker when he sets up his oven. "I wished to make an income on which I and those belonging to me might live in comfort."

Trollope says that he, his brother Tom, and his mother wrote "more books than were probably ever before produced by a single family." Mrs. Trollope was a remarkable woman. She did not begin to write (and then only to save the family from bankruptcy) till she was 50 years old. With travel-books and novels, she became one of the most popular writers of her time. She wrote till she was 76, and



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in the 26 years she produced 114 volumes.

There is a confusion of dates on pages 98 and 99. Trollope is said to have begun writing *The Warden* on July 29, 1853, and to have taken it up again at the end of 1852. The fact is that he began it on July 29, 1852, took it up at the end of that year, finished it while in Belfast in the autumn of 1853, and published it in January, 1855.

**FROM CHAPEL TO CHURCH**

In his youth, Mr. Eric Bligh, the author of *Tooting Corner* (Secker and Warburg, 15s.), was advised by his tutor to read a book by Anthony Trollope. He would not read it, "not only because I did not like the binding, but because I have seldom read any book that I have not found for myself." It is gratifying to know that when Mr. Bligh did find Trollope for himself, he "read about thirty of Trollope's novels straight off, and have found myself quite unable to leave" the Barchester scene.

The small incident is characteristic. Mr. Bligh wanted to find not only books but most other things "for himself." Primarily, this excellent account of his ancestors' lives and his own life is the story of how he found the method of religious worship best suited to his needs.

In this matter of religious worship, as in the matter of Trollope, there were heavy forces trying to make him go the way he did not want to go. To begin with, there was a long Nonconformist and Puritan ancestry—"two and a half centuries of Puritanism and Dissent; on my father's side the duller commercial representatives of Nonconformity; on my mother's, air and fire and laughter."

The author's father, who lived from 1842 to 1925, practised medicine in Tooting, which Mr. Bligh remembers as a more rural district than it is now. Our author gives us a splendid account of Dissent as it was exemplified in the lives of his forbears and as it impinged personally upon him in the life of his father. It is one of those stories, common enough, though not often so well told, wherein two people have much of devotion to give to one another, save that on some ultimate and dearly loved matter one withholds assent.

**ESTHETIC REVOLT**

Here, as I have said, it was religious observance. "All my admiration," says Mr. Bligh, "remains with the Nonconformists. I am glad that as a child I went to chapel and not to church, for half the moral strength of England has come from Puritanism and Dissent." It appears to have been an aesthetic, rather than any other, revolt that took him to the church. He discovered "the civilised world of Hooker and Herbert," but jibes at the Oxford Movement and Apostolical Succession. It is perhaps not without significance that he has named his cat Pusey. He is still half-inclined to the ways of his youth. "I rather like the sight of the ugly little Dissenting chapels. They do not contain the decaying corpse of a bad history."

Yes, undoubtedly it was aesthetics. From Tennyson to Swinburne; from chapel to church: though, now that I have written it, this parallel looks inexact! But let it not be thought that here we have nothing but a fine taste that merely prefers golden copies to black coats and ties. There is in the book all the striving of youth for the ways of its own discovery; there is an unusually ample

gallery of portraits covering several centuries; and there is a slice of recent social history that is presented with grace and felicity. Altogether, I found this an unusual and fascinating book.

**A JOCOSE WOLF**

For all its grace, Mr. Bligh's book is deeply serious; but many of our younger writers shy away from seriousness as the Puritans shied from levity. Mr. Michael Barsley is another autobiographer. *The Wolf at the Door* (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) tells the story of his not very long life up to now, and the "wolf at the door" is introduced in order that the author may not seem to be taking himself seriously. "Now comes the time," interrupted the wolf after a discreet pause, to avoid breaking in roughly on my memories, "now comes the time when you were first impressed with might and majesty and pageantry. The time when you first saw the Big Shots, and saw them, I admit, at their best."

This is the introduction to a good account of the Consecration of the Liverpool Cathedral (I know it is good because I was there); but what is added to the matter by the wolf's jocosity I cannot imagine.

**STEPS ON THE ROAD**

Mr. Barsley was the son of a Liverpool parson, and all the things on which Mr. Bligh first looked from the outside he saw from the inside. "It was such an easy matter to break into a Communion Service, just before going off to school, and ask my mother, in an agitated whisper, where my stockings had got to."

Liverpool day-school, Oxford University, beginnings in writing, the B.B.C.: these are the steps on the road, and they are dealt with so well that I could spare the wolf's knowing grin were it not that it provides Mr. Barsley with matter for the amusing, Thurber-like drawings with which he illustrates his book.

**BRINGING UP THE APE**

BOOKS on the great apes are always of especial interest. These creatures are so near, yet so different from us that an enquiring pity for these "poor relations" stirs within us. Mrs. Gertrude Davies Lintz, in *Animals Are My Hobby* (Museum Press, 15s.), tells us that from her earliest days she had a passion for animals and birds. She kept many of the usual pets of childhood, plus some unusual ones. She early turned to the breeding of live stock, specialising in St. Bernards, but, when her magnificent great dogs had swept up every prize it was possible for them to gather, she got bored and sought something different. She found the overwhelming interest that she craved in chimpanzees and gorillas.

In her book she tells us of her long and varied experiences with these animals, most of which came into her hands as wee babies, often very sick babies, and were treated, and doctored, exactly like children. Her success, her remarkable success, was due to many factors, including her deep love and sympathy for her charges, combined with plenty of plain commonsense. But behind the chimpanzee, and even more so behind the gorilla as a home companion, lies the tragedy of growing up, for the grimly powerful adult gets beyond the control of everything except steel bars.

This book raises anew the question that must ever trouble us in connection with great apes: Are we justified in taking them from their happy home life in wildest Africa to rear them for zoo and other exhibition work, which all too often ends in an early death from some "civilised" disease?

F. P.

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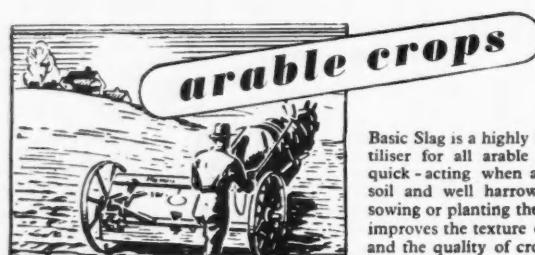
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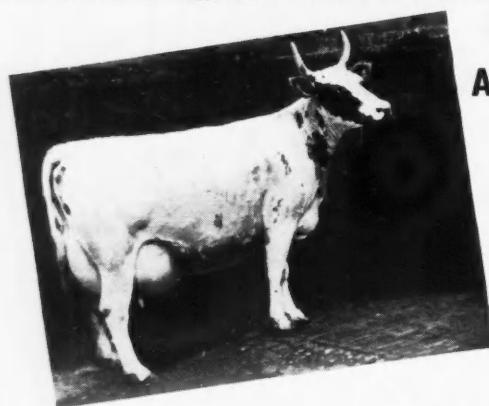
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## FARMING NOTES

# A FARMING TOUR

DURING this week the delegates to the Agricultural Producers' Conference have been seeing something of our farming in England. They started off with a visit to Hurst in Berkshire, where Mr. Salter Chalker farms. He is a member of the N.F.U. Council and Chairman of their Diseases of Animals Committee. They went on to the farms of Mr. R. Roadnight and Mr. J. R. Warburton in Oxfordshire. Such fully mechanised farms provide convincing evidence that some arable farmers in England are as enterprising and up-to-date in their ideas and methods as any wheat grower in the Prairie Provinces or the Middle West. After Oxfordshire, where the night was spent, Worcestershire, Staffordshire and Leicestershire have had the opportunity of welcoming the visitors on their way to Cambridge for two days, and then back to London. This is indeed a flying tour, but it will give some impressions of our farming that should ensure, when the real business of the Conference begins on May 21, that the overseas delegates take our farming seriously. In the past, primary producers abroad have been inclined to picture Britain as a string of Birmingham and Bootles with a few ancestral parks separating the industrial towns. Now they have seen for themselves that some of us can and do farm seriously for a living.

### Planning Internationally

THE object of this Conference, sponsored by the N.F.U., is to form an International Federation of Agricultural Producers, which will on a producer level be complementary to the Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations in much the same way as the N.F.U. is complementary to the Ministry of Agriculture. Twenty-six nations have delegates here, including Colombia, the latest to accept the invitation. I am not sure what Colombia produces. My guess is bananas and coffee. No doubt their farmers have problems that may be susceptible to an international solution if everyone concerned will pool their ideas and work together. I understand that Sir John Orr, the Director-General of F.A.O. (initials are fashionable nowadays, but until we are more used to this abbreviation I had better set it out in full as Food and Agriculture Organisation) has promised to pay a fleeting visit to the London Producers' Conference. He is an extremely busy man, but I know that he attaches great importance to the weight which organised producers can put behind the F.A.O., and will come if he possibly can.

### Church and Countryside

I SEE that the Council for the Church and Countryside is due to meet next week. The members are Church of England people who want to see the parish church identified closely with the everyday life of the countryside, in other words with agriculture. The Bishop of Hereford is President, and the Vice-Presidents are Lord Bledisloe, Mr. Montague Fordham, Sir Albert Howard and Mr. H. J. Massingham, with Mr. M. B. Reckitt as Chairman and Mr. Jorien Jenkins as Secretary. One of the achievements of the Council has been to revive the special services like those for Rogation Sunday, when the crops and live stock of the parish are blessed, and Plough Sunday, when the plough and the work of the husbandman are blessed. The former Bishop of Salisbury, Dr. Neville Lovett, delighted in reviving these ancient services in his diocese. I well remember attending a Plough Sunday service taken by him at Dorchester when farmers and farm-workers came into the town from miles around to join the throng. The plough was in the place of honour as the symbol of the

husbandman's craft, and after the plough had been blessed the Bishop, a true countryman himself, gave a simple, straight-forward address that made us feel that Christianity and good farming were close akin. The same Bishop delighted in the Rogation services, himself selecting a parish where he held the service and waded round the fields blessing the crops in the pastures and the cattle grazing there.

### Legacies of War

A WEEK-END in Dorset gave me a glimpse of the coast where I was glad to see the iron poles and rails disappearing along the foreshore. Summer visitors will not find everything in apple-pie order for them. There are still many concrete obstructions and odd lots of rusting barbed wire lying about above high-water mark, and this is equally true of the farm lands within a few miles of the coast. I am sorry for these farmers who have their fields littered with obstructions. Tank traps, slit trenches and bits of wire are dangerous to cattle and there are bound to be casualties. Who is to clear the ground? The demobilisation of our Army makes it impossible for the War Office to tackle the job, except by using German prisoners of war, and this, I hope, will be done when they are not urgently needed for ordinary farm work.

### A Hard Knock

A YOUNG man who earned high commendation in the North African fighting turned to poultry farming six months ago when he was demobilised. He started his venture on his uncle's farm in the Midlands. Poultry had been kept there in 1939, so a useful ration of feeding-stuffs attached to the farm. Now, instead of getting 47 cwt. of meal a month for his 1,200 pullets he will, from July onwards, have to manage with half this amount. Already he is supplementing the official ration with all the swill he can lay hands on locally, and, as the farm is mainly concerned with milk production and there is little corn grown beyond what the cows need, he cannot expect to get much help from that source. What is he to do? He might carry on with, say, 800 birds at a pinch but, if he is law-abiding, as he assures me he is, scrapping the other 400 for sale at 1s. 5d. a pound will involve him in a loss of at least £250. This he can ill afford. The public want eggs, but Nature has given the world's politicians a grain problem that has upset the artificial schemes of bulk purchase and planned economy.

### Prisoners at 80s.?

AFTER July, all German prisoners of war, good, bad and indifferent, will have to be paid for at the full minimum rate of 80s. a week. This is more than most of them are worth. Let them be graded according to their competence and willingness to work. Some may be worth 80s., as most English workers are, but some are not worth 40s. a week. The War Agricultural Committees could settle this problem by taking for their jobs the indifferent workers, putting good foremen in charge of the gangs, and leaving the better workers for individual farmers, who cannot watch over their men all the time. It does not matter if the Committees do not get value for their money. They, as agents for the Ministry of Agriculture, pay out of one compartment of the national purse into another to the credit of the War Office. More important in the national interest is that farmers, large and small, should not be exasperated and indeed handicapped in their efforts to grow and harvest full crops by being expected to pay uneconomic wages for extra labour. \* CINCINNATUS.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# HUNTING IN HERTFORDSHIRE

UNTIL the eve of the war, the motorist who had travelled less than 20 miles from the centre of London was apt to be surprised by coming upon a hunting party with pack of hounds, and if he were observant to catch a fleeting glimpse of a fox scurrying to cover at the far end of some ploughland dyke. How much longer so refreshing a sight will be enjoyed is doubtful, for various large estates in Hertfordshire and adjoining counties are on the eve of being broken up or sold for institutional uses which are inconsistent with hunting. This is not to say that foxes may not be seen occasionally, for urban surroundings do not deter them, as is shown by the fact that Hampstead poultry-keepers have been complaining of the nocturnal depredations of foxes from Kenwood.

Xteen miles from the City the late Mr. Smith-Bosanquet kept his own pack of hounds at Broxbornebury, an estate of 1,650 acres, close to Hoddesdon. Messrs. Hampton and Sons and Messrs. Rumball and Edwards are the vendors' agents. In normal circumstances Broxbornebury would seem to be suited for a building venture, as there are deep beds of sand and gravel, and 10 acres of good timber. If it comes under the hammer in 76 lots there will be eager competition. The house at Broxbornebury was deemed worth a long reference in the Report of the Royal Commission on Historical Monuments in Hertfordshire.

A red brick and stone house of two storeys and roof of tiles, slate and lead. It was built originally at the end of the sixteenth century, and is of the courtyard type with entrance on the east side. A square block with simple classical cornice was added on the west side late in the seventeenth century, and additions and alterations were made later. In the nineteenth century the house was almost entirely rebuilt, but fragments of old brickwork remain in the walls facing the courtyard. A chimney-stack on the north, with V-shaped pilasters of brick, is original, but the top has been rebuilt. The kitchen and offices in the north wing are probably in their original position. In the first floor of the west wing is a late 16th-century fireplace of clunch. The house is in good condition."

#### LORD PARMOOR'S PROPERTY

PARMOOR HOUSE, a well modernised mansion, and over 1,500 acres and a dozen large farms on the Chilterns, between Henley and High Wycombe, will be sold in lots by Messrs. Nicholas.

Arborfield Court, near Reading, 240 acres, is about to be offered by Messrs. Haslam and Son. The house was built 40 years ago, and there are a couple of small farms.

Coming sales by Messrs. Wilson and Co. include Little Hampden Manor, a modern house, and 400 acres, near Great Missenden, and by order of Mr. W. H. L. Ewart, Boardleas, Devizes, a Georgian house, with park and farm, and an ancient mill.

The Elizabethan manor house, Manor Farm, Priors Dean, near Petersfield, has been sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, for Mr. Gordon Turner, to a client of Messrs. Ralph Pay and Taylor. The buyer is taking the attested herd of pedigree Ayrshires.

Broadly speaking, the larger a property the more favourable are the terms to the buyer. A comparison of prices in various counties proves this. An example is Messrs. John D. Wood and Co.'s offer of a Leith Hill freehold of 115 acres for £16,500 with early possession.

A North Devon coastal "ultra-

modern" freehold of nearly 3 acres can be bought, through Harrods Estate Offices, for £8,000.

#### THE SATELLITE TOWNS

IT is idle to deny that the projects for the formation of new or, as they are often called, satellite towns, are viewed with apprehension by many landowners and tenants. Not only is the eventual effect on residential amenities of the time-honoured type foreseen as a drawback, but no doubt whatever is felt that the constructional and other operations incidental to creating the new centres will make a most unpleasant and unwelcome invasion into districts that have hitherto enjoyed rural peace and charm. It is true that the construction of these centres, if it is ever accomplished, must take years to bring about; nevertheless there are necessary preliminaries, besides what may be called the fieldworks, that will involve a great deal of worry for landowners.

To get some idea of what may happen it is well to compare the negotiations and the subsequent operations of forming these new towns with those of the making of a new railway. The preliminary steps in a railway project, as well as the actual construction, will be within the recollection of a good many people who had to do with the last of the great main-line schemes, the extension to Marylebone of the Manchester, Sheffield and Lincolnshire Railway. When the railway was in use no long time elapsed as a rule before it was found to be beneficial to the districts it traversed.

#### DEVELOPMENT DOUBTS

LANDOWNERS and others in the areas where the satellite towns may spring up have small hope that the preliminary negotiations, the actual works and the eventual result will have anything like such a favourable issue for them. To begin with, an undefined basis of compensation is to be evolved, and the only indications so far available of what that basis may be suggest that the owners will be lucky if they receive the current market value of their possessions. Development rights, as understood or admitted officially, seem certain to be construed in a niggardly manner, as something, in fact, almost extraneous to ownership in accordance with theories that much of the value of land depends on public services, such as roads, drainage and policing. It is conveniently overlooked that the land itself is confessedly "a manufactured article." Whether it be as a farm, a residential freehold, or any similar use, the land differs fundamentally from whatever its original state and value happened to be.

That difference is the result of the expenditure of private capital and energy upon it, and any attempt to dissect the elements of its value by an arbitrary assessment of "development value" will inevitably tend to deprive the landowner of something to which he has a prior right. The price of the land having been settled, another not very inviting prospect awaits the owner or tenant — negotiations on a number of matters with half a dozen different Ministries, all characterised by formality and procrastination.

Assuming that these things have been done with, and the satellite town has arisen, what will be the effect on the district? Foreseeing these various problems, is it to be wondered at that owners in areas that may be chosen for satellite towns are already placing property in the market? They will take the current price of the property and leave the buyers to face the changing conditions.

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**Cinnamon suiting with zig-zag revers and gored skirt, cinnamon felt, capacious black and cinnamon calf bag. Norman Hartnell**



(Right) Norfolk jacket in fawn and gold tweed line-checked in tan. Panels on the jacket continue down the skirt. Busvine

# TOWN AND COUNTRY Suits

THE smartest town suits of the summer are being made out of the soft-handling, smooth-surfaced woollens that look like a fine tweed, but which are actually suitings specially woven for these suits in the mixtures of pastels usually associated with homespuns. Their soft "handle" gives a feminine contour to the suit which is in keeping with the general trend of fashion. They are warm enough for a cold summer day but not too heavy for a hot, and are being shown by the big Mayfair couturiers for suits such as the Hartnell one we have photographed. This is right away from the classic tailor-made modelled on a man's suit, but it takes the place of this indispensable item in the wardrobe. Molyneux is making a whole series of suits in these woollens which can be worn equally well in the country and in the town.

Colours are bright and mixed. Molyneux mixes two bright blues or yellow with red. Coleman is offsetting a clear bright shade with a neutral in intricate and neat basket patterns—a duck-egg blue with brown or plum, a light lettuce green with mole. Mole, prune and gunmetal, by the by, are highly sophisticated shades that are beginning to appear, not only as a background for these fine woollens but as a solid colour for coatings, both thick coatings of the pilot cloth, velours type and lighter weights in whipcord and gabardine.

Jacqmar are making soft-handling suitings in glorious mixtures of colour, so closely woven that they have a shot effect. They are shown for suits, in their collections by Stiebel and





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Bianca Mosca, with printed crépe blouses, also for dress-and-jacket ensembles with shallow yokes, collarless jackets, raglan sleeves and easy, pouched backs, all of which gives that rather blurred line that is right in the picture this summer. Gardiner of Selkirk are showing these greys in three dress and coatweights with sometimes a check on a grey background as well. Coming later are tweeds in greys and browns with a self check or stripe in a fancy weave that looks like cross-stitch, feather-stitching or broken stripes.

The lifting of austerity has brought back longer jackets, many of them double-breasted and with four pockets, as well as longer, wider skirts. Harella place their pockets foursquare, or inset two vertically and two horizontally. They show gay tweeds for early autumn suits—brick, coral, lime and tobacco brown or golden beige lined in brick and blue. Winter coats in the prune, gunmetal and mole shades are in thick velours with double-breasted fastening, turndown collars, neat waists and tiny half belts at the back. Armholes are deep but without exaggeration, and padding is curved with the same moderation; but the general tendency is to place the emphasis on the top of the coats without making them top-heavy. These dark, sophisticated colours look newer than black and are chic worn over black or one of the subtle mid-shades that are in the front of the big fabric collections for dresses, such as lime, cyclamen, terra-cotta, a biscuit-cum-maize, and aquamarine, all the sand, golden beige and mushroom tones, and blues mixed with grey.

The favourite choice of this summer for resort wear is the off-white coat in Kasha or tweed. Sleeves are wider than usual, armholes are deep, pockets immense and flapped ingeniously, and collars and revers neat.

THE finest woollens in the world will be in the shops fairly soon. They mark a revolution in weaving, have been produced by Silkella working with the scientists of Leeds University, and were shown in London by the International Wool Secretariat. Yard squares weighing



Matching set from Leathercraft: shoulder-bag, short gloves, muffin beret and court shoes in russet suede

forthcoming, is a dress that

From Heather Mills comes more fabric news. They are at present making the finest of soft handling Saxonies in self-herringbones for suits, with a still finer one for the house dresses which require a fabric that is soft to the skin but has the exquisite finish of a cashmere. Lightweight woollens for dresses, which look like homespun tweeds, are another innovation. They are at present for the export market but will soon be available for the home trade. They are woven in the gayest of colours, as many as seven or eight mixed at once in gingham checks and plaids. Molyneux makes them up into bouncy frocks with the checks used two ways on the skirts and neat schoolgirl tops.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

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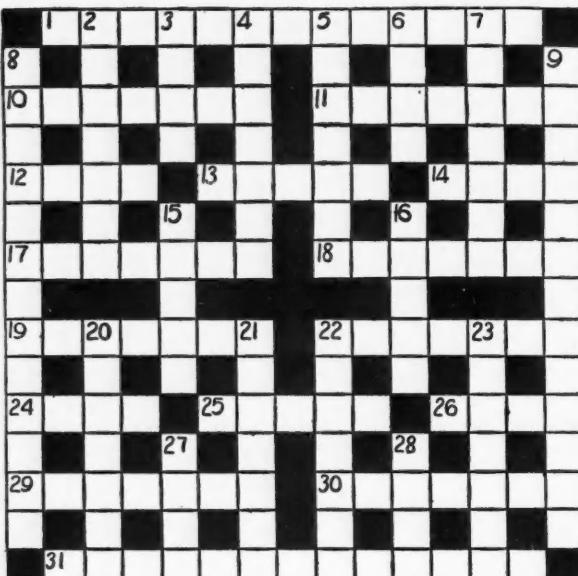
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## CROSSWORD No. 851

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 851, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the **first post on Thursday, May 23, 1946.**

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



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**SOLUTION TO NO. 850.** The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of May 10, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1, Bannockburn; 9, Niobe; 10, Ennobling; 11, Owls; 12, Throw; 13, Very; 16, Tenor; 17, Anthem; 19, Damage; 20, Plant; 22, Arid; 23, Ideal; 24, Helm; 27, Late start, or latest art; 28, Alder; 29, Loud speaker.

DOWN.—1, Browning; 2, Need; 3, Over head and ears; 4, King of the castle; 5, Umbro; 6, Noises; 7, Incontestable; 8, Ugly customers; 14, Bread; 15, Deep; 18, Lavender; 21, Pistol; 25, Esau; 26, Lark.

### ACROSS

- Every inch a King (4, 3, 6)
- What Henry II was (7)
- Thus President of the Royal Academy? No, she is not (7)
- Two feet ten (4)
- 13 and 14. Heads together in a South Sea island by the look of it (9)
- Coast flower? (7)
- Reverse of a welcome for an engineer who joins the regiment (7)
- An actress can't be this in taking the curtain (2, 5)
- It should be able to hold its fire (7)
- 24 and 25. Describing a fair maiden or two boys in green (4, 5)
- One way to split the vote on the Council (4)
- An exhilarating feeling (7)
- Witnesses at important trials (7)
- A case of albinism in pachyderms? (5, 8)

### DOWN

- A painter takes up most of the entry (7)
- How the resort came in sight? (4)
- Romsey was but not Ramsey (7)
- "Sure, Sam!" (anagr.) (7)
- How a page may look wide open (4)
- A stranger in the cup (7)
- Young Mason or what he may become? (6, 7)
- London registry office (8, 5)
- Its menace ended on V-day (5)
- Ramsey or Romsey (5)
- There is brine on the tree in Devon (7)
- Heighten (7)
- "The soul's dark — batter'd and decay'd Lets in new light through chinks that time has made." —Edmund Waller (7)
- He seems to be putting his foot down (7 or 5, 2)
- Special food for the assembly (4)
- You can do it by stretching without sing string (4)

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